



54 \$2.50 US
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STARMAN



TIMES PAST

THE
SCALPHUNTER
YEARS

1899:
A RICH MAN'S
FAMILY



DIRECT SALES

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JAMES ROBINSON
CRAIG HAMILTON

Herman Moll's Journal - Sept 9, 1899

I am an inventor.

"An inventor of
nothing."

"I am a wastrel.
I am a dreamer.
I am a fool."

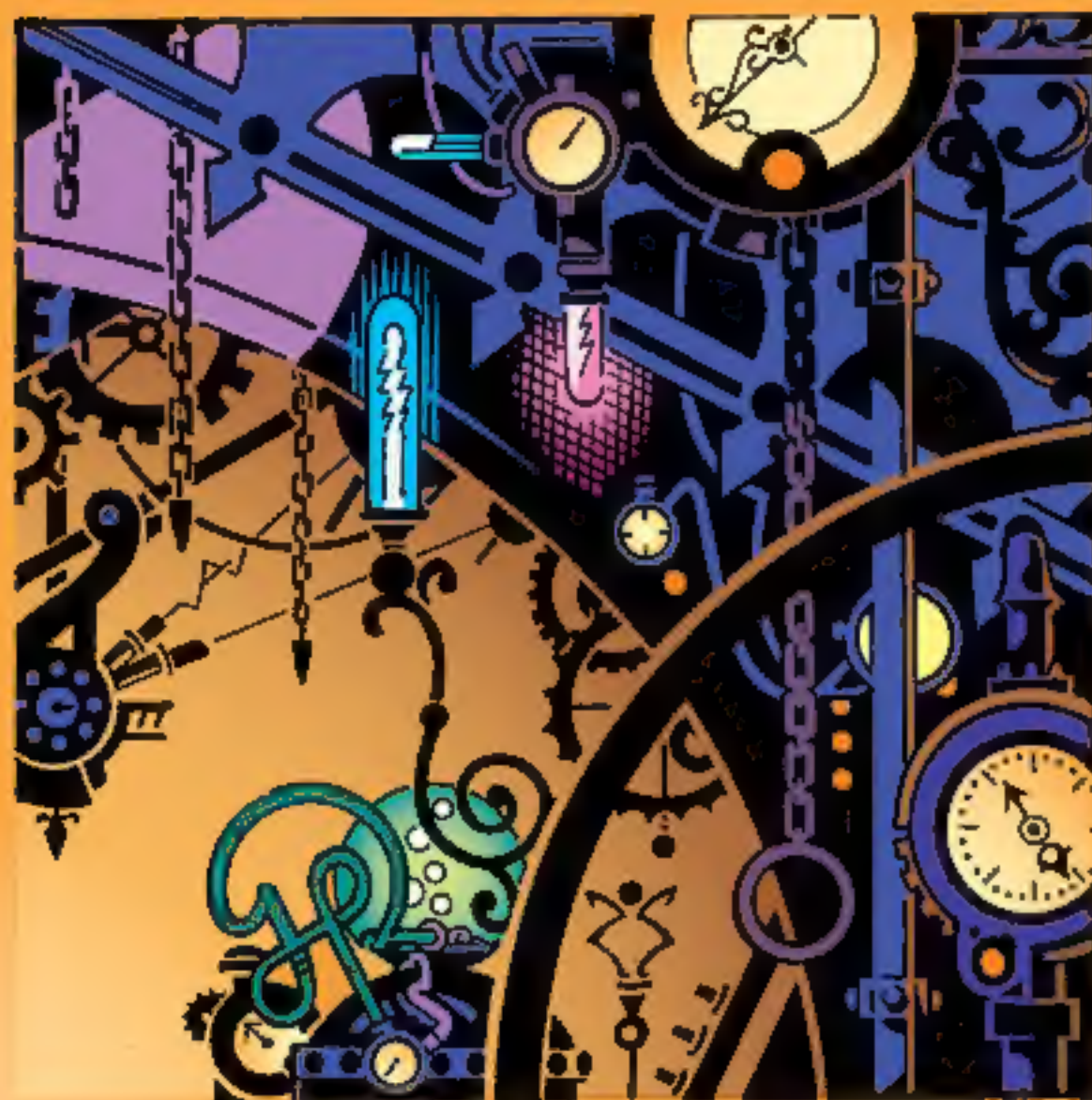
Or so my family
tells me.



I have not created
light.

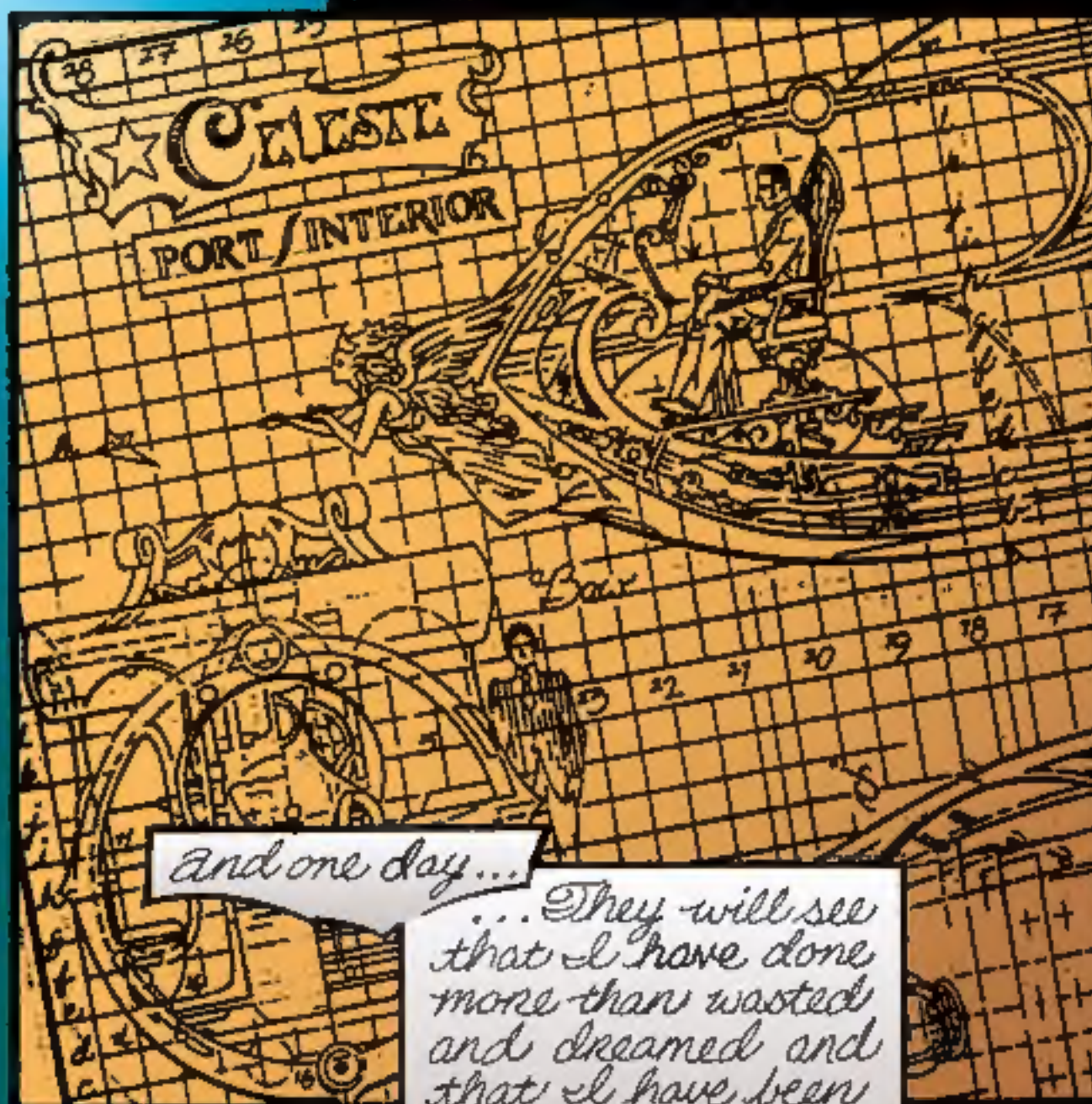
I have not created
a combustible automation.
I have not created the
means by which men
might communicate
between cities.

I am an inventor.



Indeed, I liken
myself to a saint.
I am driven in
my beliefs as a
saint is driven.
When pain and
adversity mean
naught in the
face of shining
truth.

And yes, there
are times I liken my-
self to God - caring as
I do for that which I
have created.



and one day...

... They will see
that I have done
more than wasted
and dreamed and
that I have been
far from foolish.

One day my wretched
brethren will see the
array of my vision.

They will see
my work...

...my life's work.

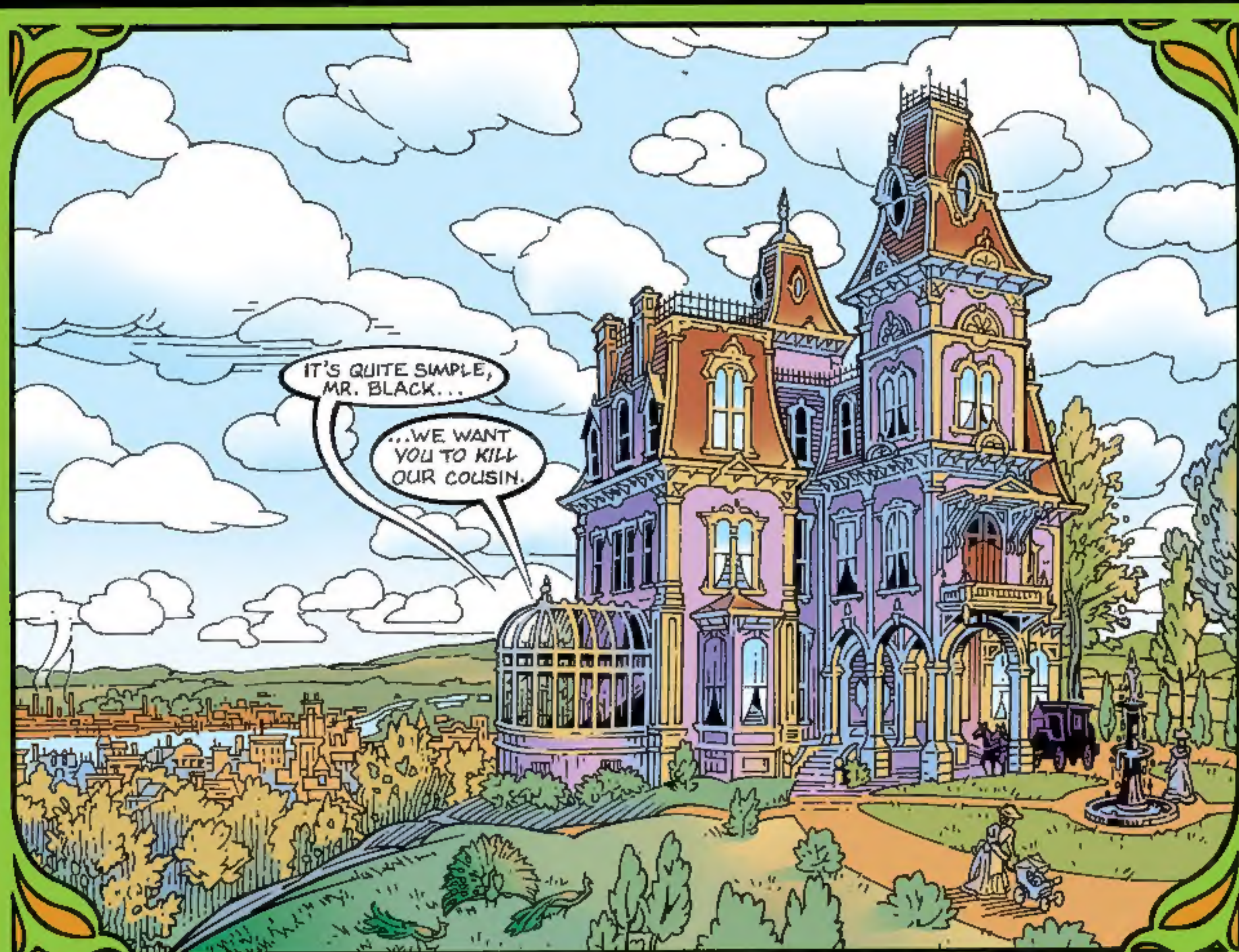
...And I
will win their
respect...



A RICH MAN'S FOLLY

A TALE OF
TIMES
PAST

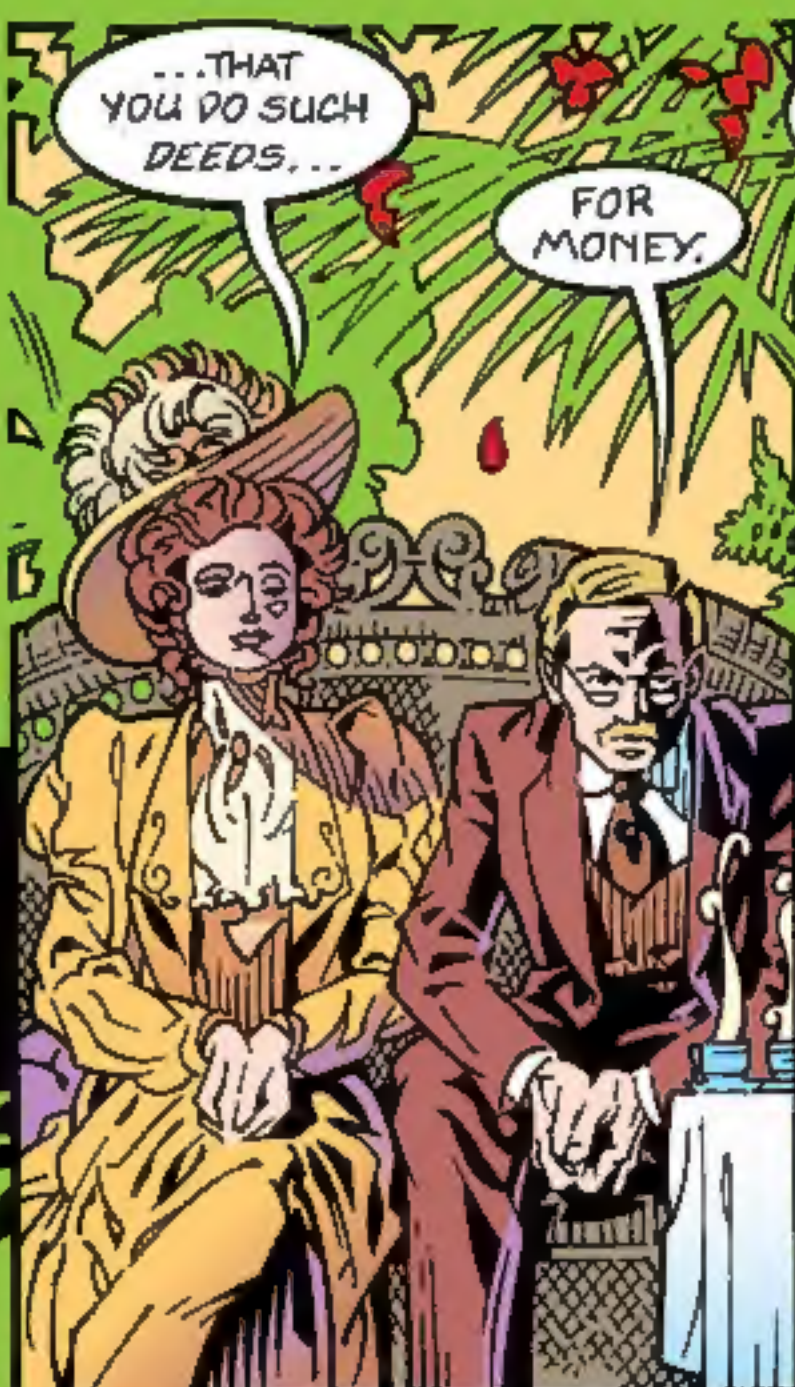
1899
the
'SCALPHUNTER
years





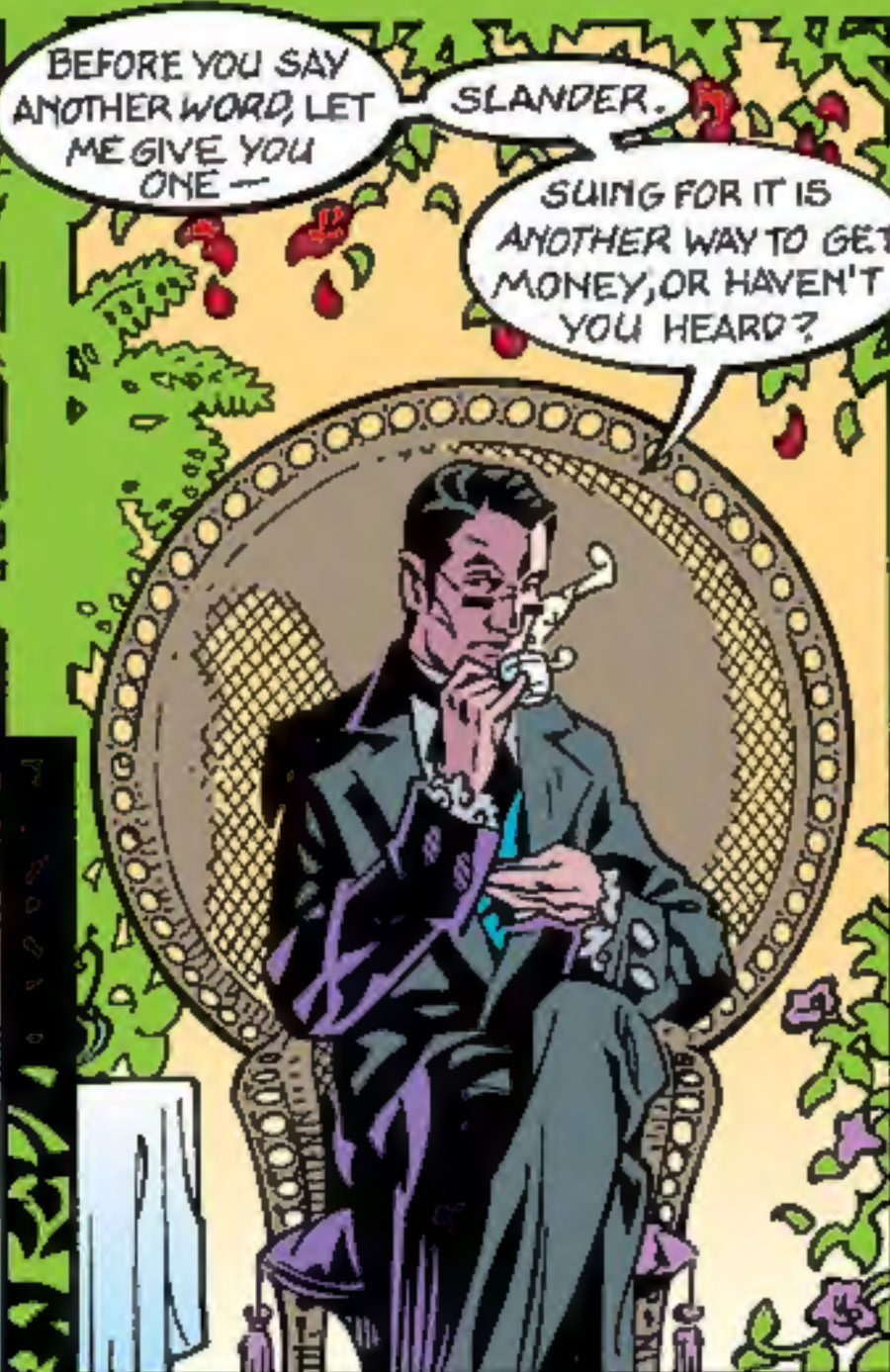
AND WHY, MISS ADDLETON, WOULD I
DO SOMETHING SO IMMEDIATE
AS TO TAKE ANOTHER'S LIFE?

WE'VE BEEN TOLD
ON GOOD AUTHORITY...



...THAT
YOU DO SUCH
DEEDS...

FOR
MONEY.



BEFORE YOU SAY
ANOTHER WORD, LET
ME GIVE YOU ONE —

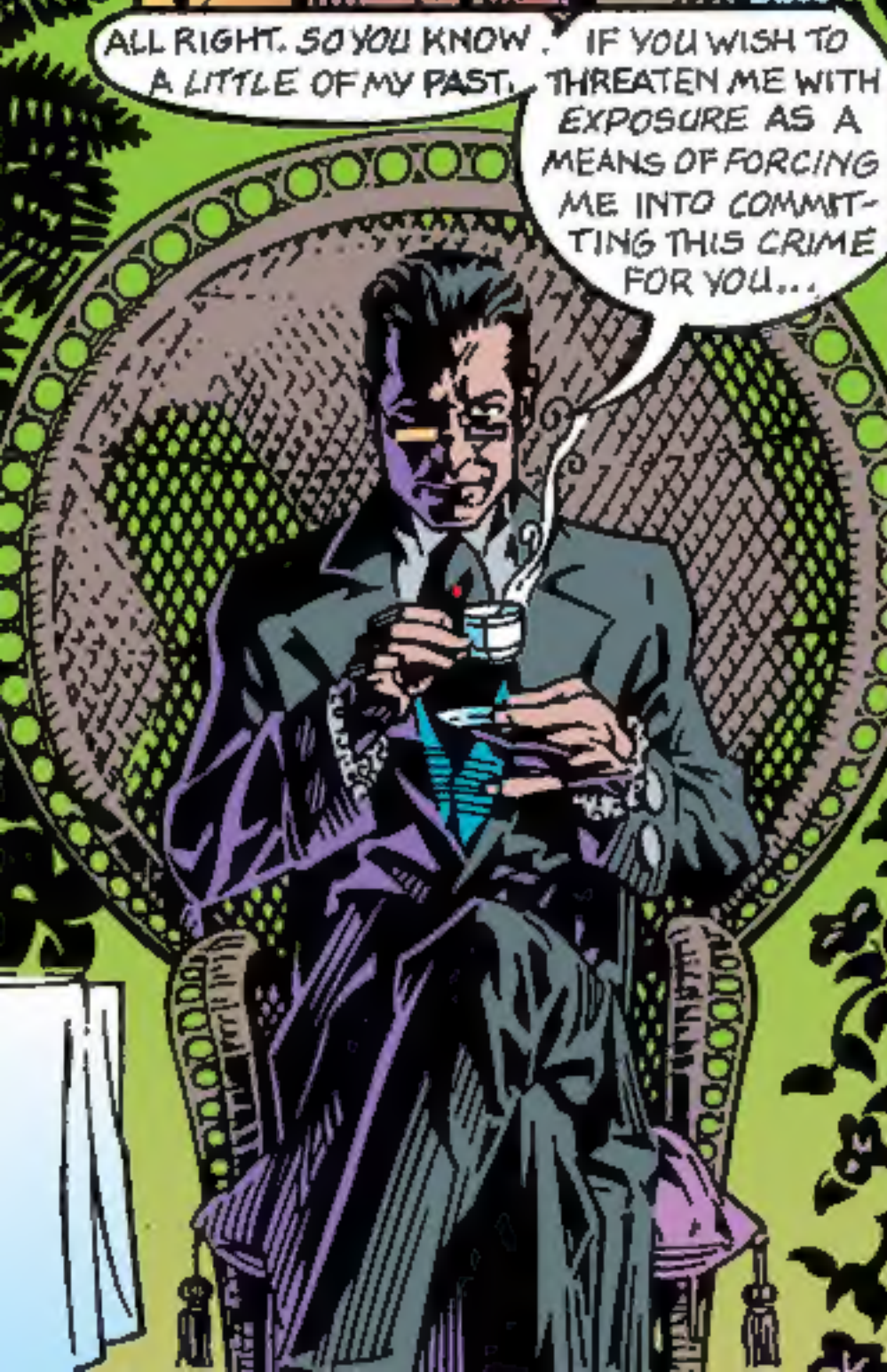
SLANDER.

SUING FOR IT IS
ANOTHER WAY TO GET
MONEY, OR HAVEN'T
YOU HEARD?



A-hem...
ANNETTE
MAYVILLE
IS A FRIEND
OF OURS.

Oh. WELL SHE
HAD BETTER BE-
COME MORE CAREFUL
WITH THAT PRETTY
TONGUE OF HERS OR SHE
MAY BEGIN CARRYING
THAT PRETTY TONGUE
AROUND IN A BOX
INSTEAD OF IN
HER MOUTH.



ALL RIGHT, SO YOU KNOW
A LITTLE OF MY PAST.

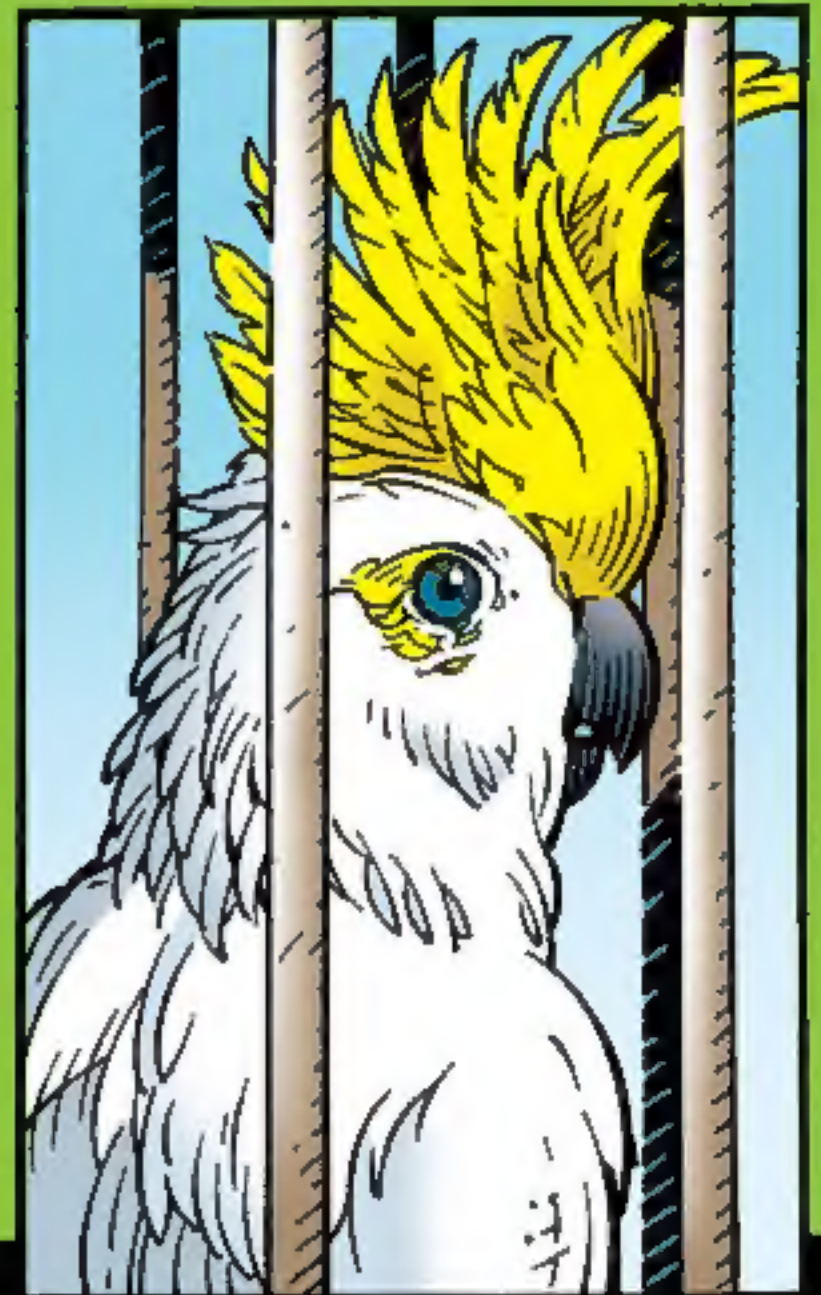
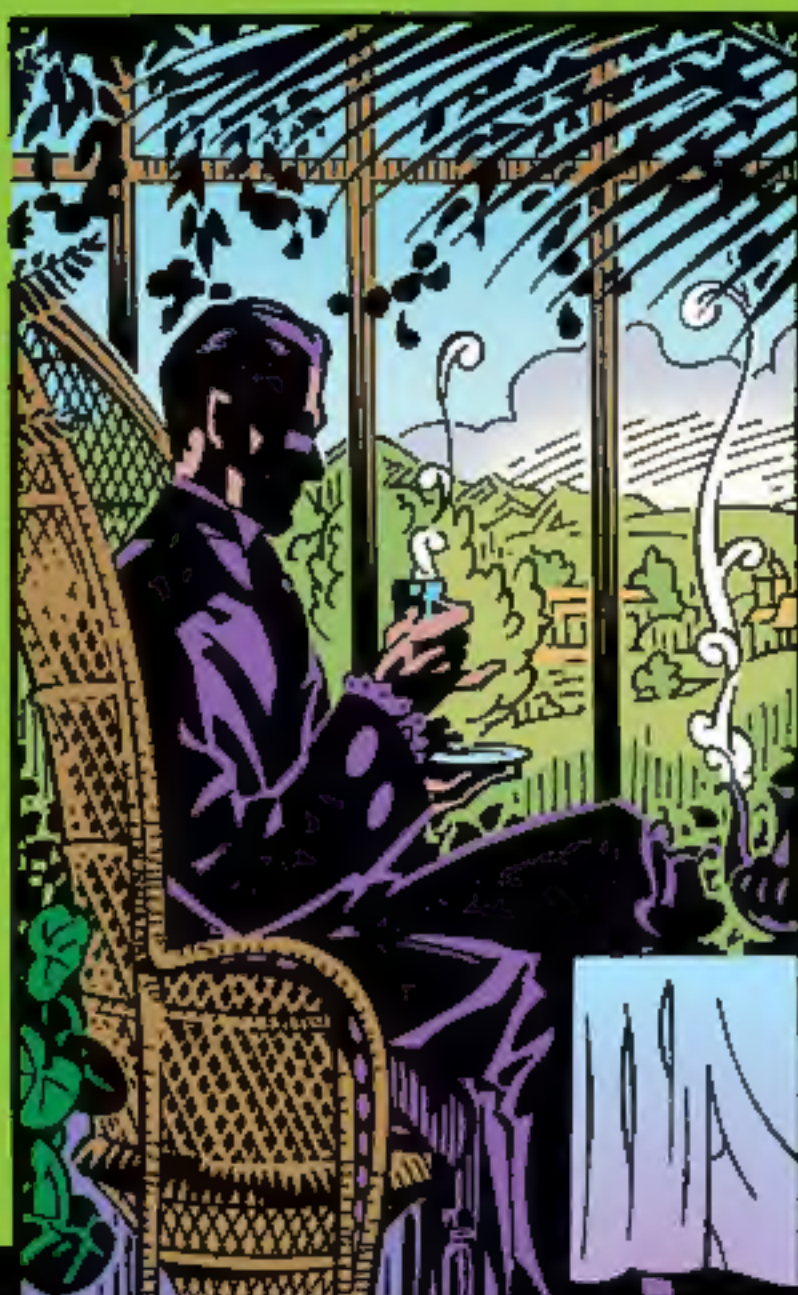
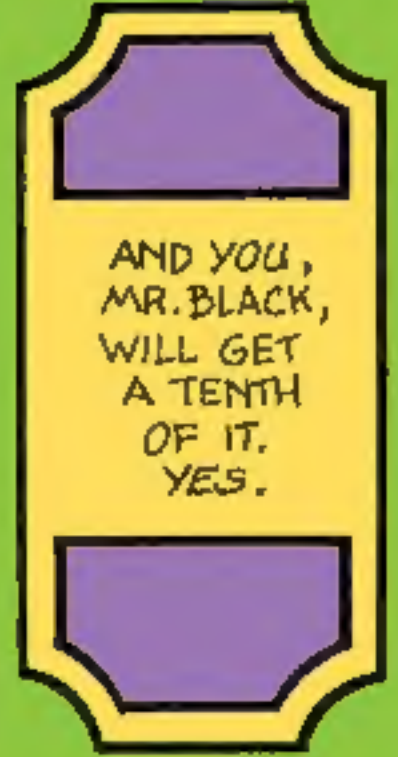
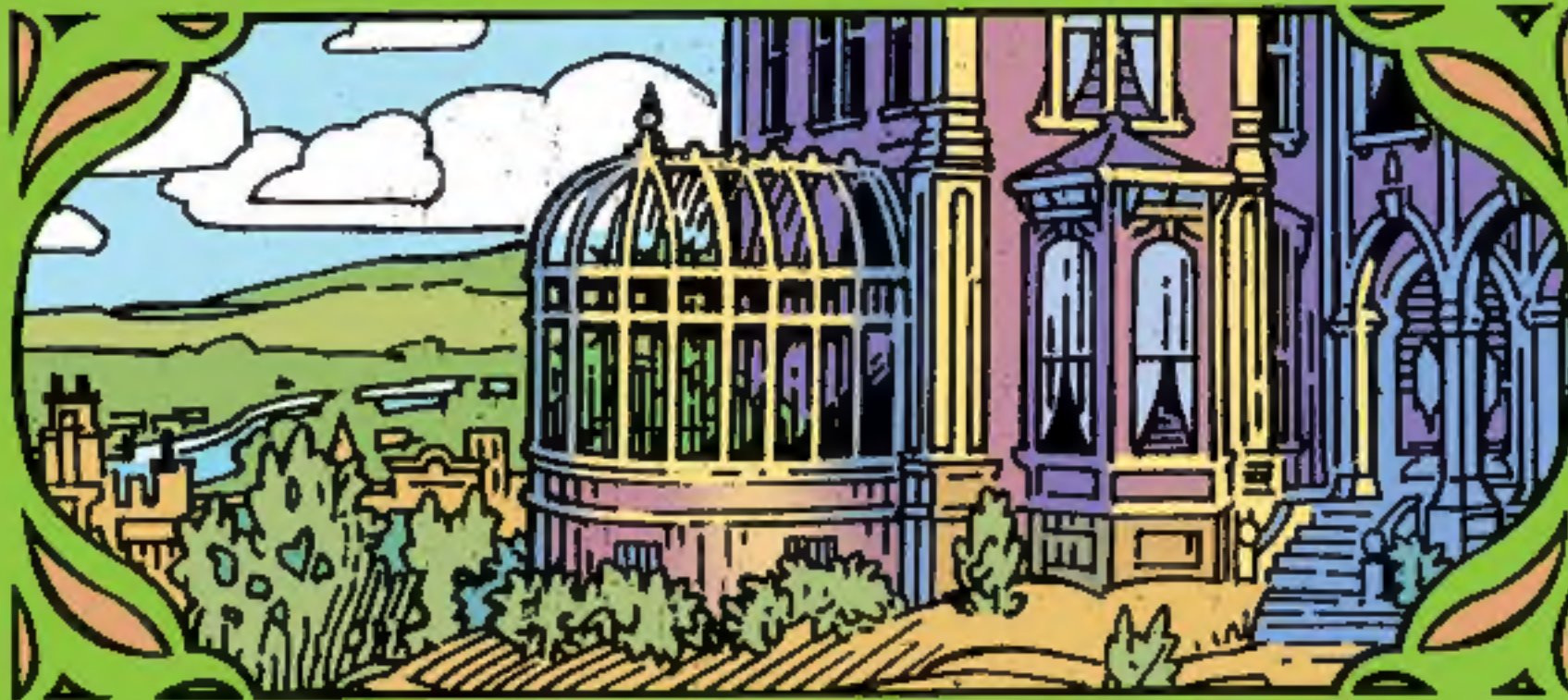
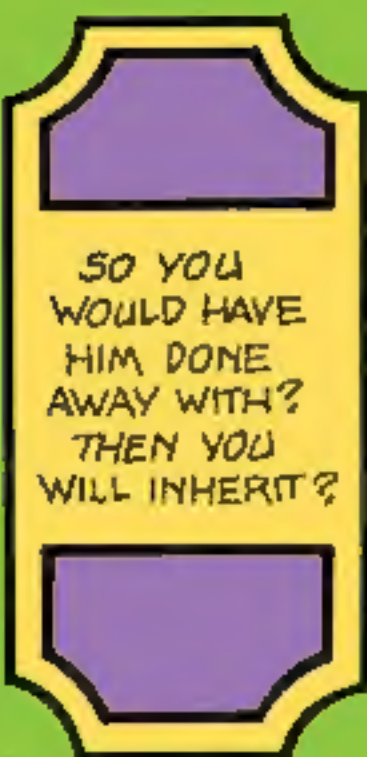
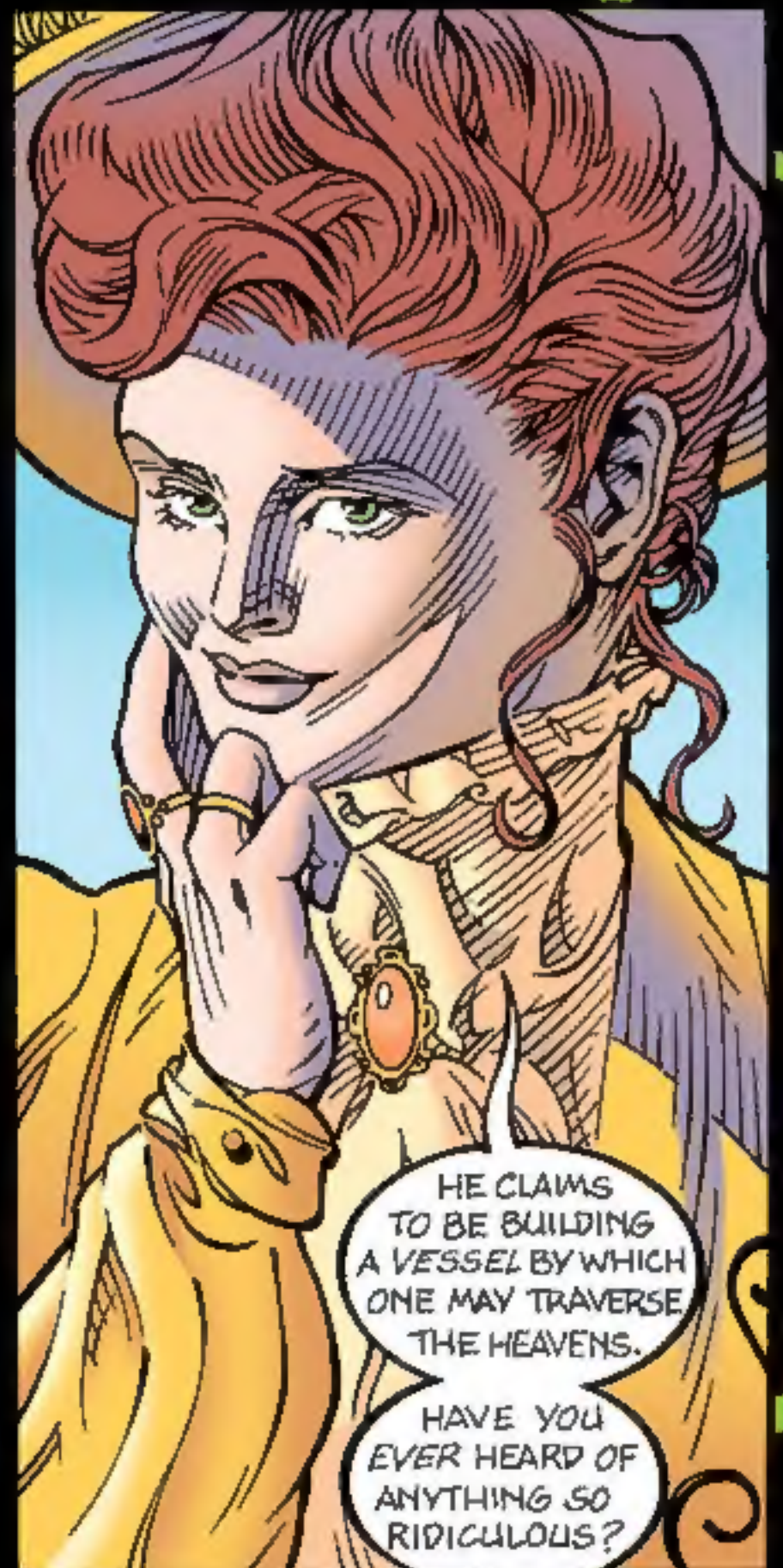
IF YOU WISH TO
THREATEN ME WITH
EXPOSURE AS A
MEANS OF FORCING
ME INTO COMMIT-
TING THIS CRIME
FOR YOU...

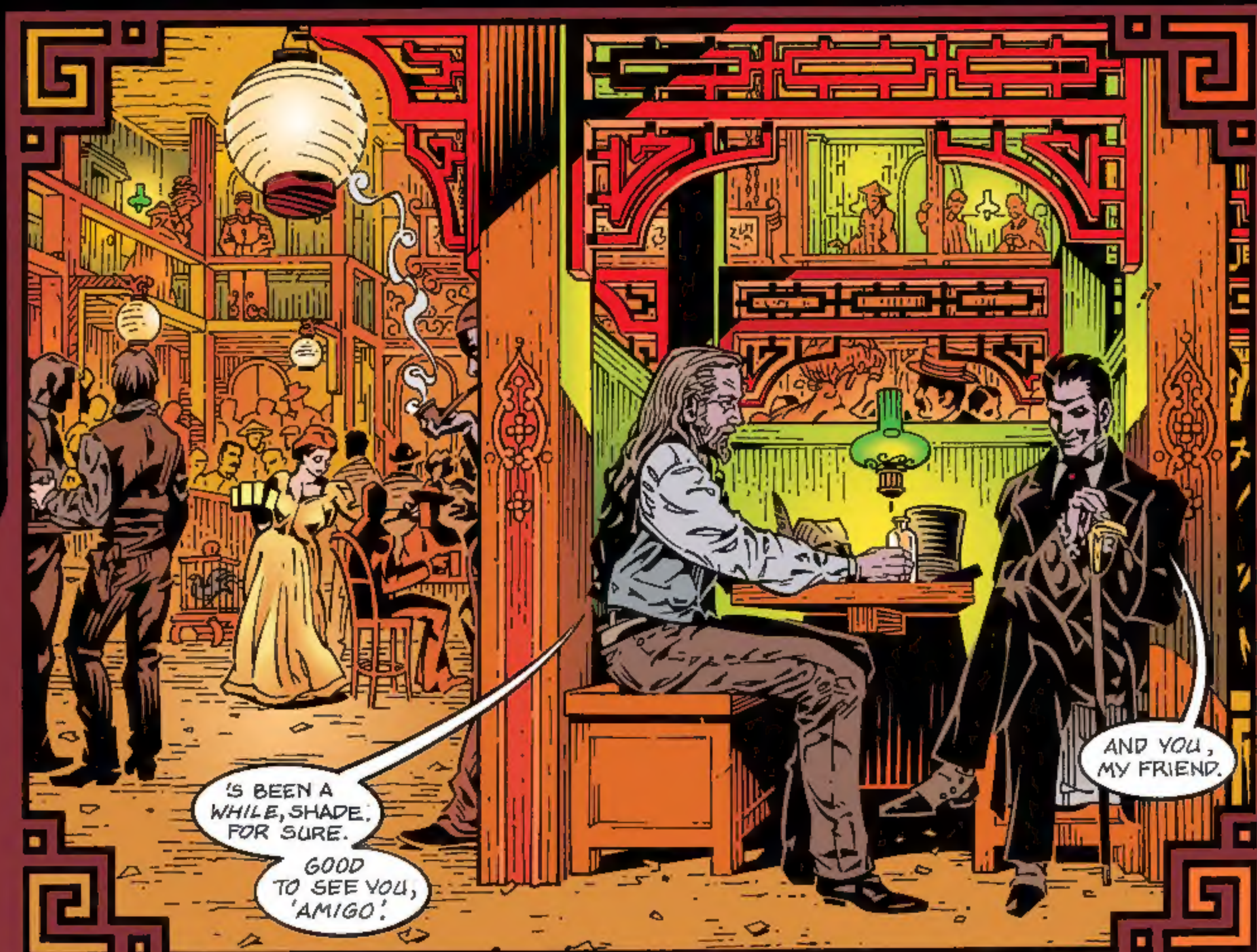
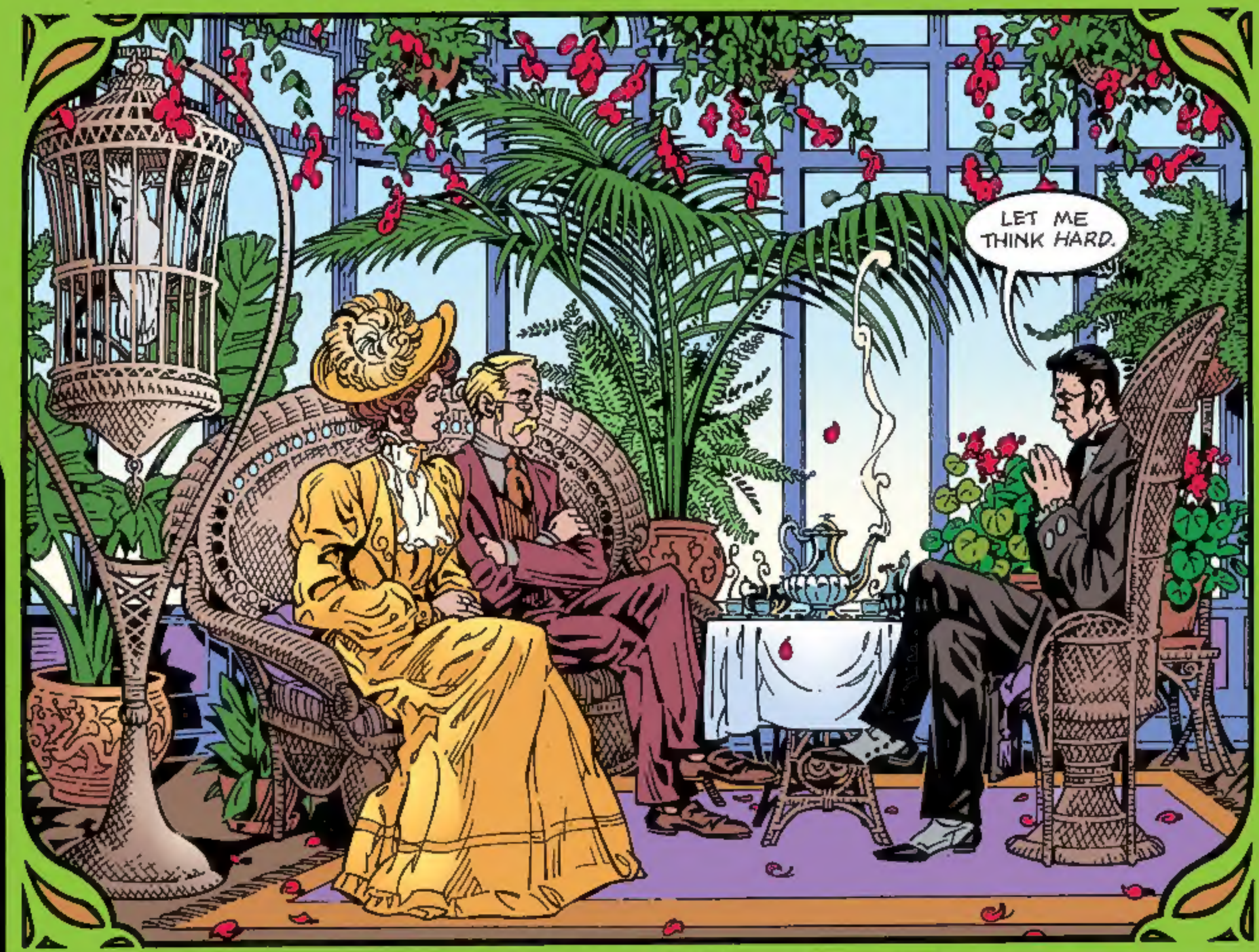


... THEN YOU
KNOW FAR TOO
LITTLE ABOUT
ME...



... FOR
YOUR OWN
GOOD.





'CEPT THIS AIN'T THE USUAL KIND O' PLACE YOU AND ME MEET UP AT. THEM SILKY WHITE LACE HANKOCHEEVES ARE LIKELY TO GET A MITE DAPPLIED IN A PLACE LIKE THIS'UN.

I HAD TO SPEAK WITH YOU. YOUR DEPUTY SAID YOU WERE HERE, LARK? THE ONE WITH THE EYE-PATCH?

NO, THAT'S TUNNY. LARK'S S'ONE WITH A HOOK FOR A HAND.

TUNNY, LARK. MORDICAI. O'DARE.

YOUR DEPUTIES ARE SUCH A MOTLEY CAST OF BIZARRE SIGHTS, THEY BLEED INTO ONE GROTESQUE TAPESTRY BY GOYA ... OR BOSCH PERHAPS.

IF YOU COME HERE TO TALK SISSY TO ME 'BOUT PAINTERS 'N OPREE 'N SUCH, WE C'DO SO AT MY CONVENIENCE.

I'M HERE TO CATCH ME A KILLER-FELLA NAMED DAMKER.

SUPPOSED TO BE VISITING LATER.

LOVES A WAGER.

SON-A-BITCH CUT UP A CHINESE WHORE SOME. NICE GIRL TOO. WALKING THE STREETS JUST SO HER SISTERS WOULDN'T HAVE TO. PROMISED I'D GET HER VENGEANCE.

HOW GALLANT OF YOU.

YOU LOVE USIN' THEM FANCY TERMS OF YOURS - GALLANT. MOTLEY. GROTESQUE. WHY DO I LIKE YOU, SHADE, WHEN I CAN ONLY UNDERSTAND HALF O' WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN'?

CHUMS OVERLOOK THEIR DIFFERENCES. I THINK WE BOTH KNEW THAT GOING INTO OUR FRIENDSHIP.

HA.

I GUESS.

ANYHOW, WHAT YOU WANT?

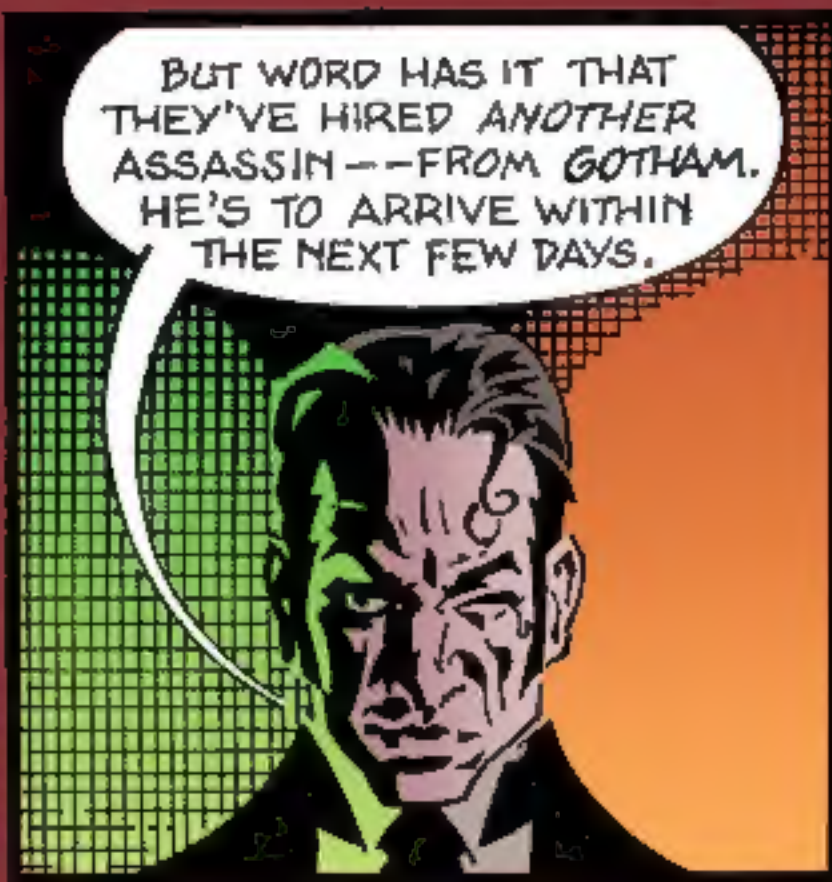


"THERE IS A MAN -
HERMAN MOLL - A VERY RICH
INVENTOR. HIS COUSINS WOULD HAVE
HIM DEAD SO THEY MIGHT INHERIT
HIS WEALTH. THEY APPROACH-
ED ME ABOUT
DOING SOMETHING
MURDEROUS
TO THAT
END."



'N'?

I DECLINED.



BUT WORD HAS IT THAT
THEY'VE HIRED ANOTHER
ASSASSIN -- FROM GOTHAM.
HE'S TO ARRIVE WITHIN
THE NEXT FEW DAYS.



SO ? DEAL
WITH IT.

NO, NO. I'M NOT THE
LAW HERE, 'AMIGO' -
YOU ARE. I MERELY
REPORT THE FACTS
OUT OF REGARD
FOR YOU AND
YOUR WORK.



WHOA.



HOLD ON
A MITE,
SHADE...

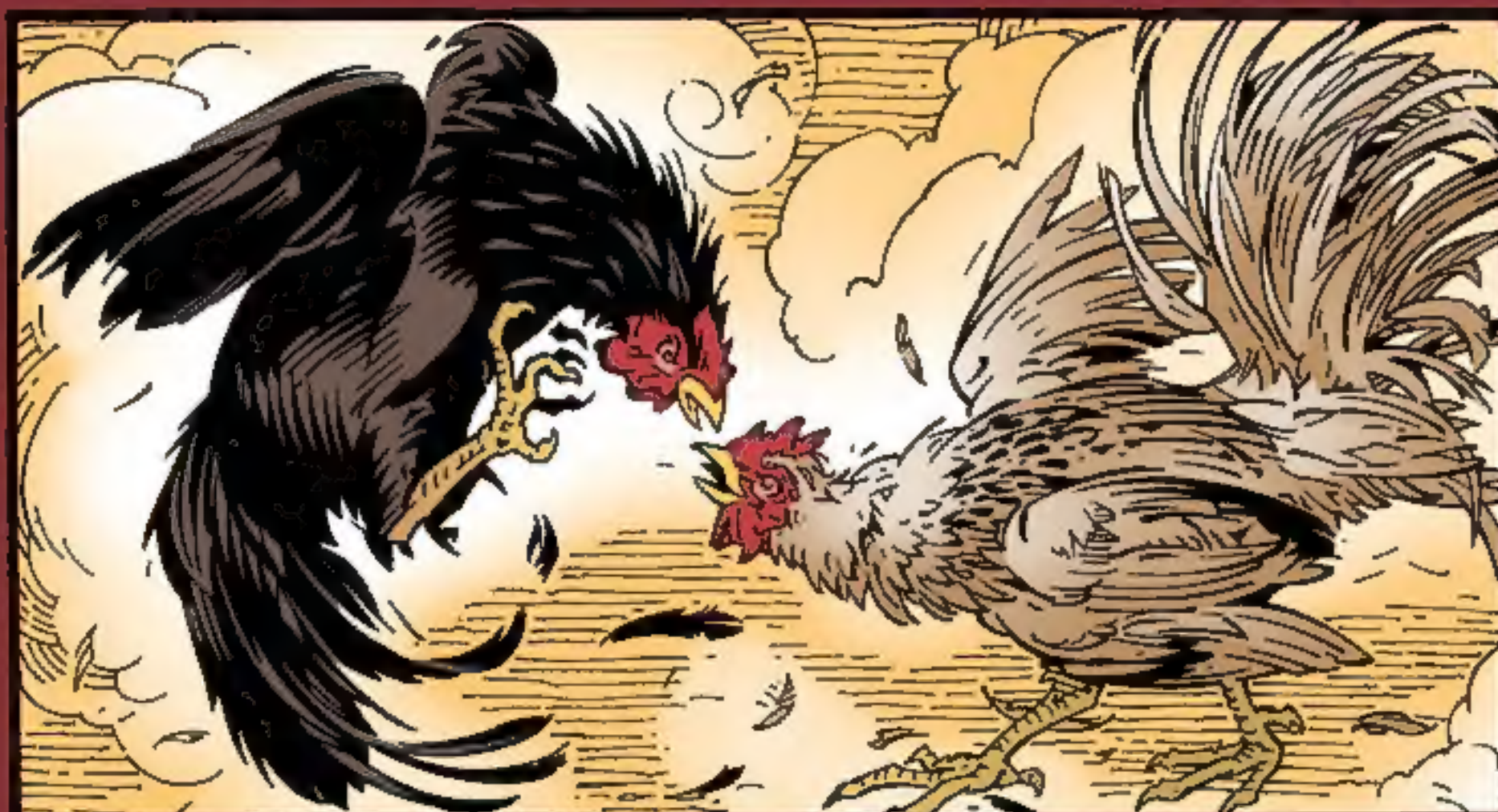


"...THERE'S
DANKER!"



DANKER!
I'M CALLIN'
YOU OUT!

SHERIFF.
NO! I--



BANG

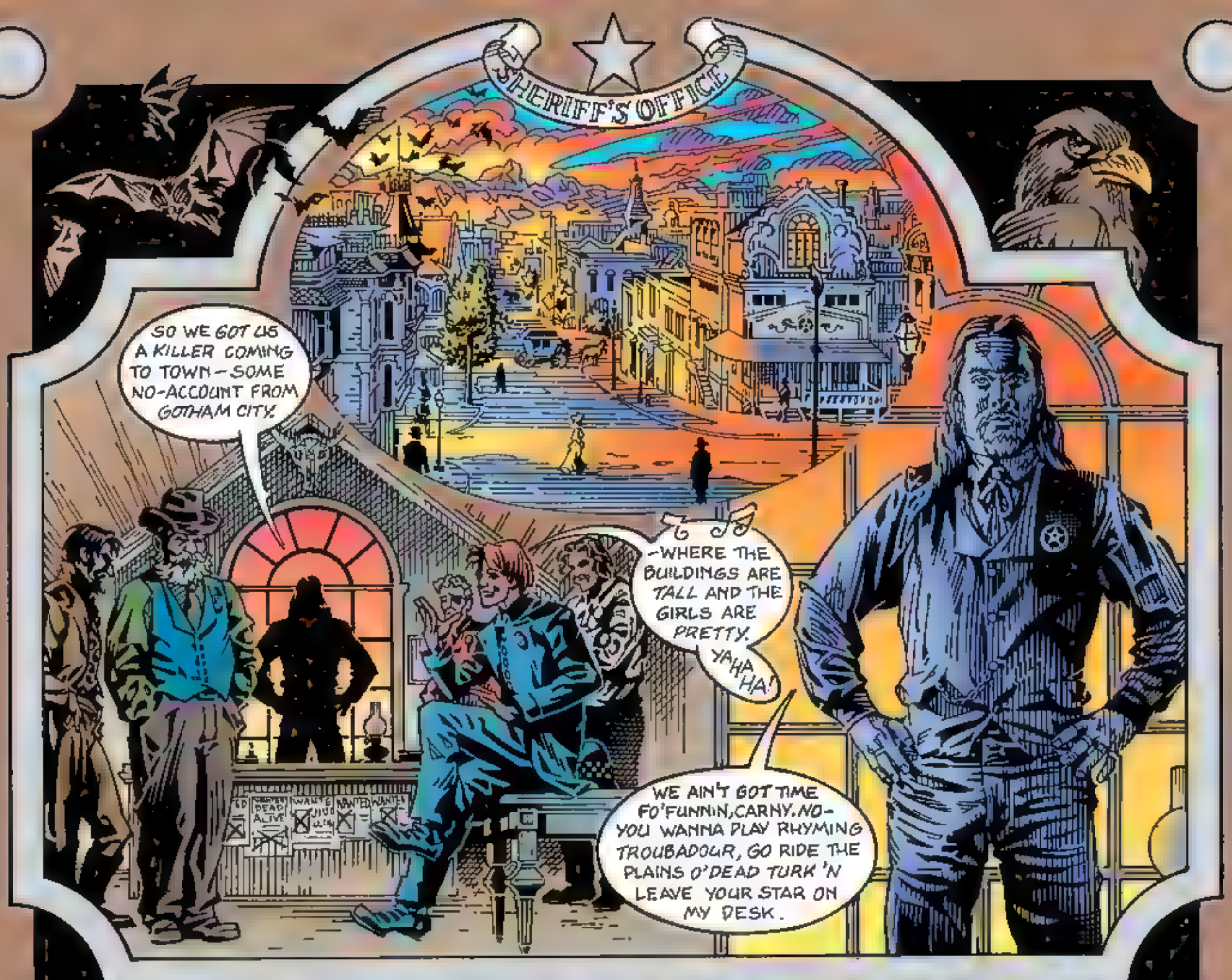
BANG

PROFESSIONAL
FELLA SUCH AS
ME SHOULDN'T
TAKE NO PRIDE
IN KILLIN'— 'CEPT
MAYBE THIS TIME.



Herein lies
my genius.
I looked upon
my invention
and saw... my
very soul —
mirrored in
steel, glass and
starlight.





SO WE GOT US
A KILLER COMING
TO TOWN—SOME
NO-ACCOUNT FROM
GOTHAM CITY.

—WHERE THE
BUILDINGS ARE
TALL AND THE
GIRLS ARE
PRETTY.
YAH
HA!

WE AIN'T GOT TIME
FO' FUNNIN', CARNY. NO—
YOU WANNA PLAY RHYMING
TROUBADOUR, GO RIDE THE
PLAINS O' DEAD TURK 'N
LEAVE YOUR STAR ON
MY DESK.

SORRY,
SIR.
SORRY.

THAT'S FINE—
I HEAR YOU. N'I
TOLD YOU, CALL ME
BRIAN OR SAVAGE OR
CALL ME SHERIFF. "SIR"
IS FOR THE SUITS 'M
BIG BELLIES AND BIG
HEADS DOWN AT
CITY HALL.

SO, WHO
IS THIS KILLER,
SHERIFF? GOT
A NAME?

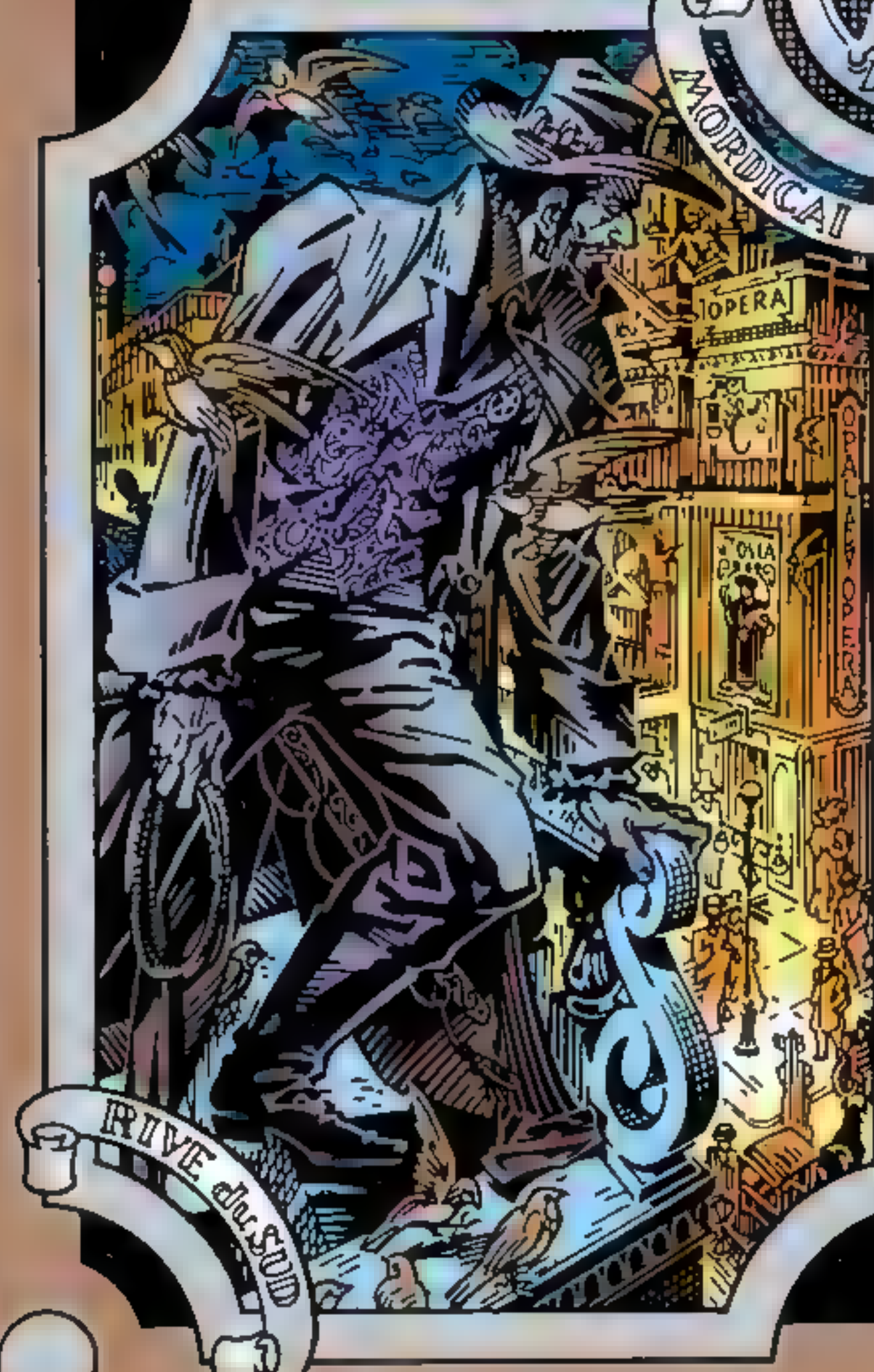
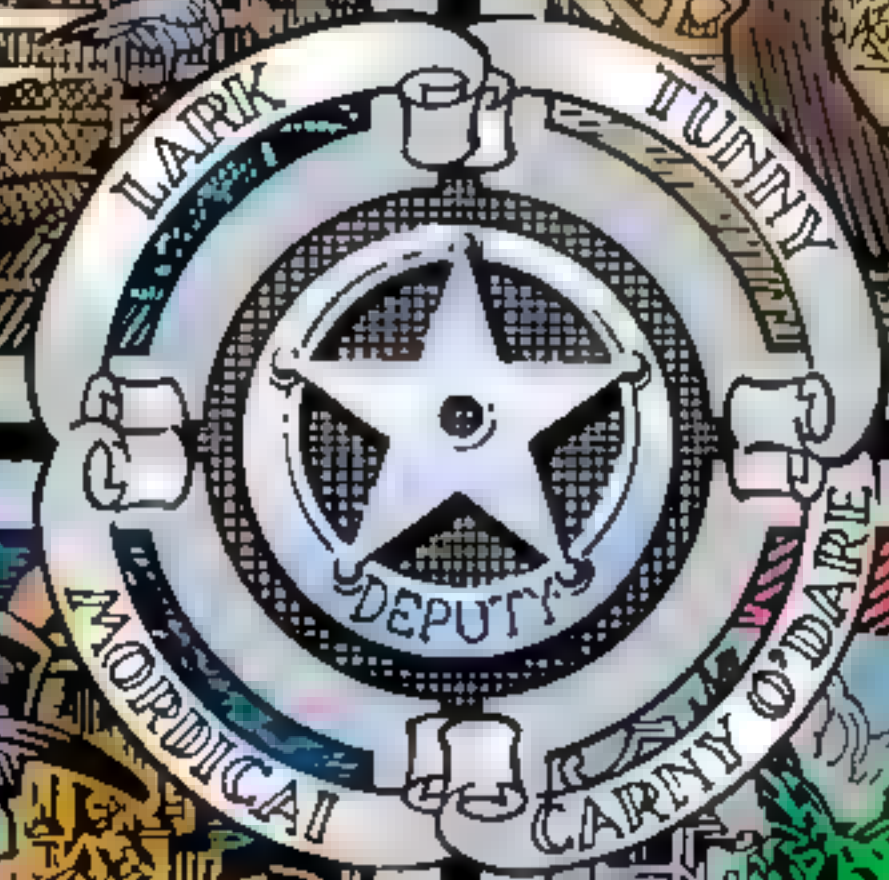
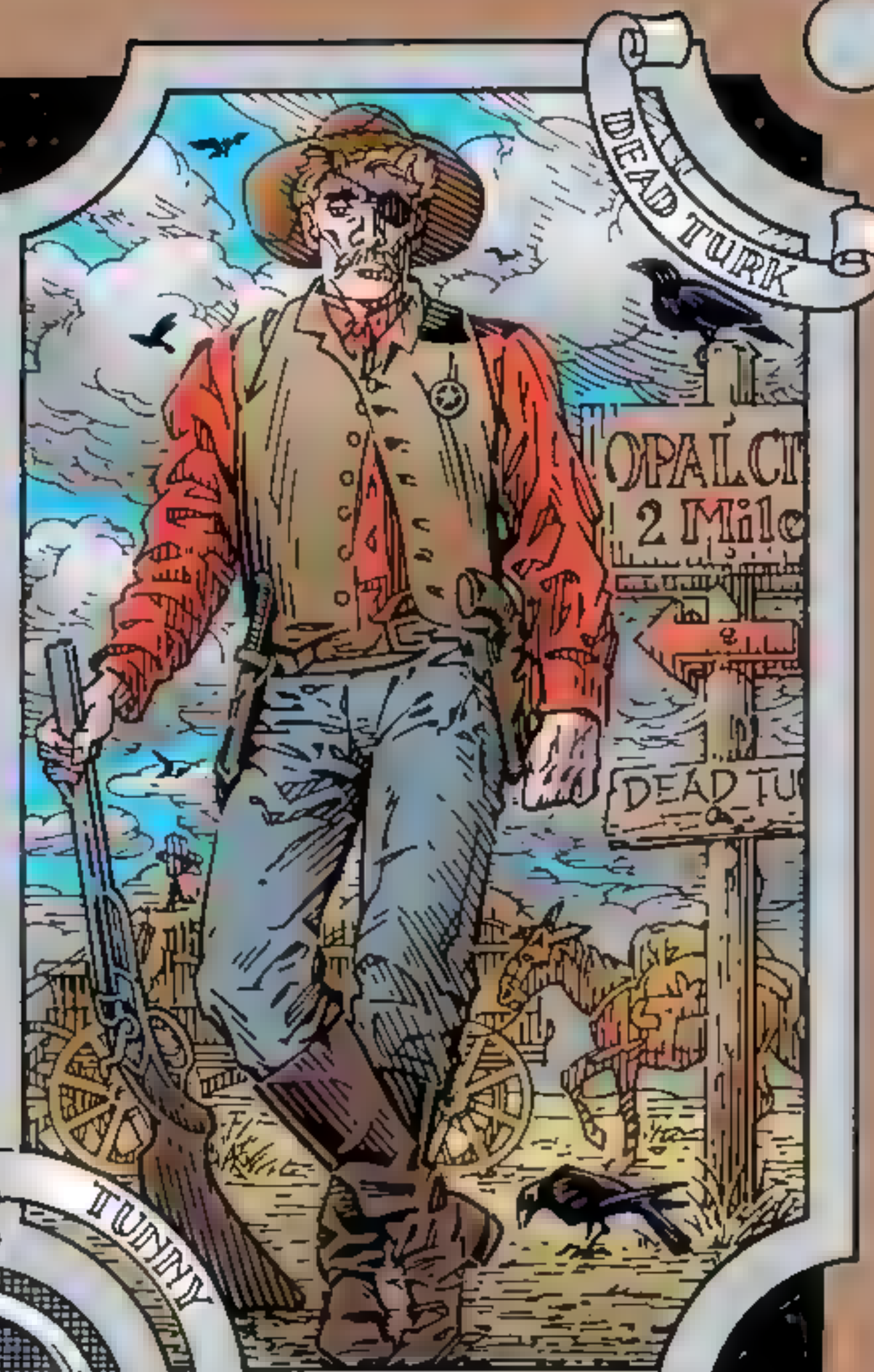
NO, BUT EVEN THOUGH
GOTHAM'S MORE LAWLESS 'N
DODGE ON A BAD DAY, IT AIN'T
GOT MUCH IN THE WAY OF BIG-
TIME, TRAVELING, ASSASSIN-
FOR-HIRE TYPES.

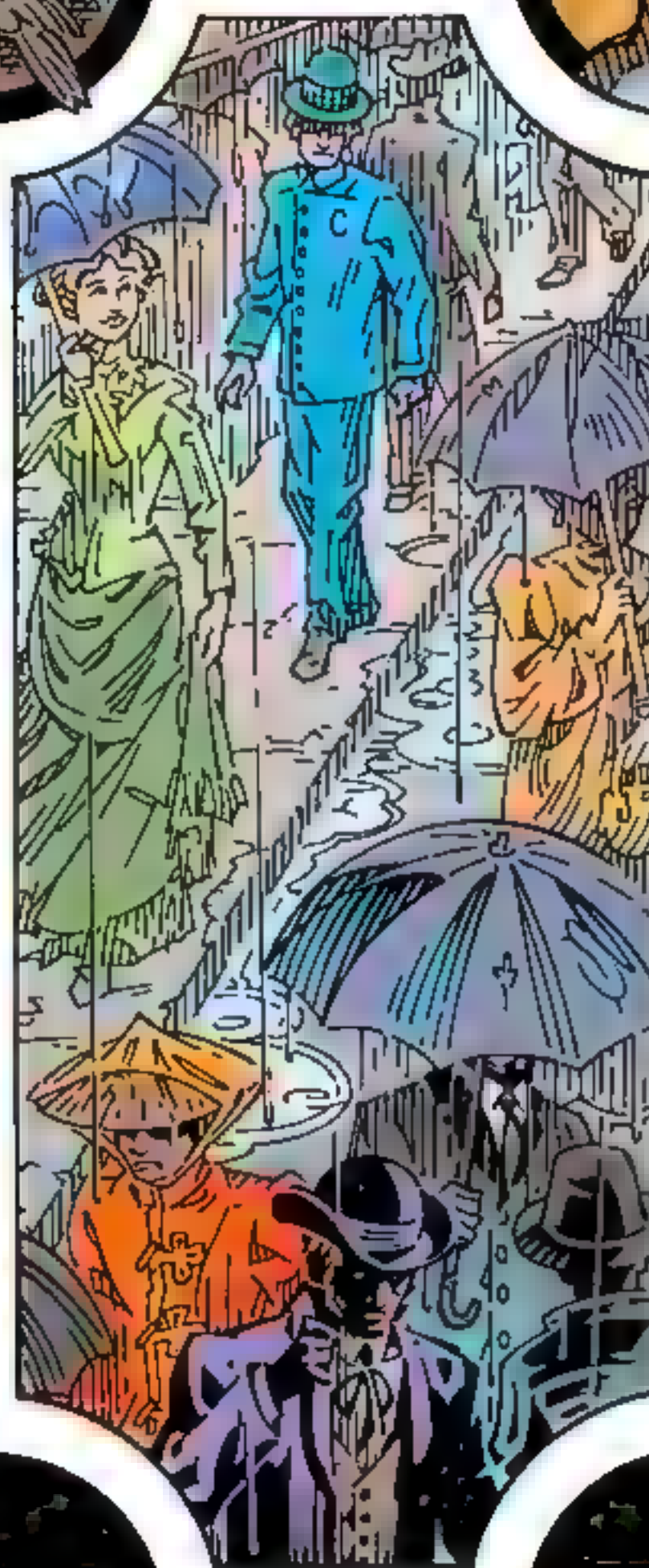
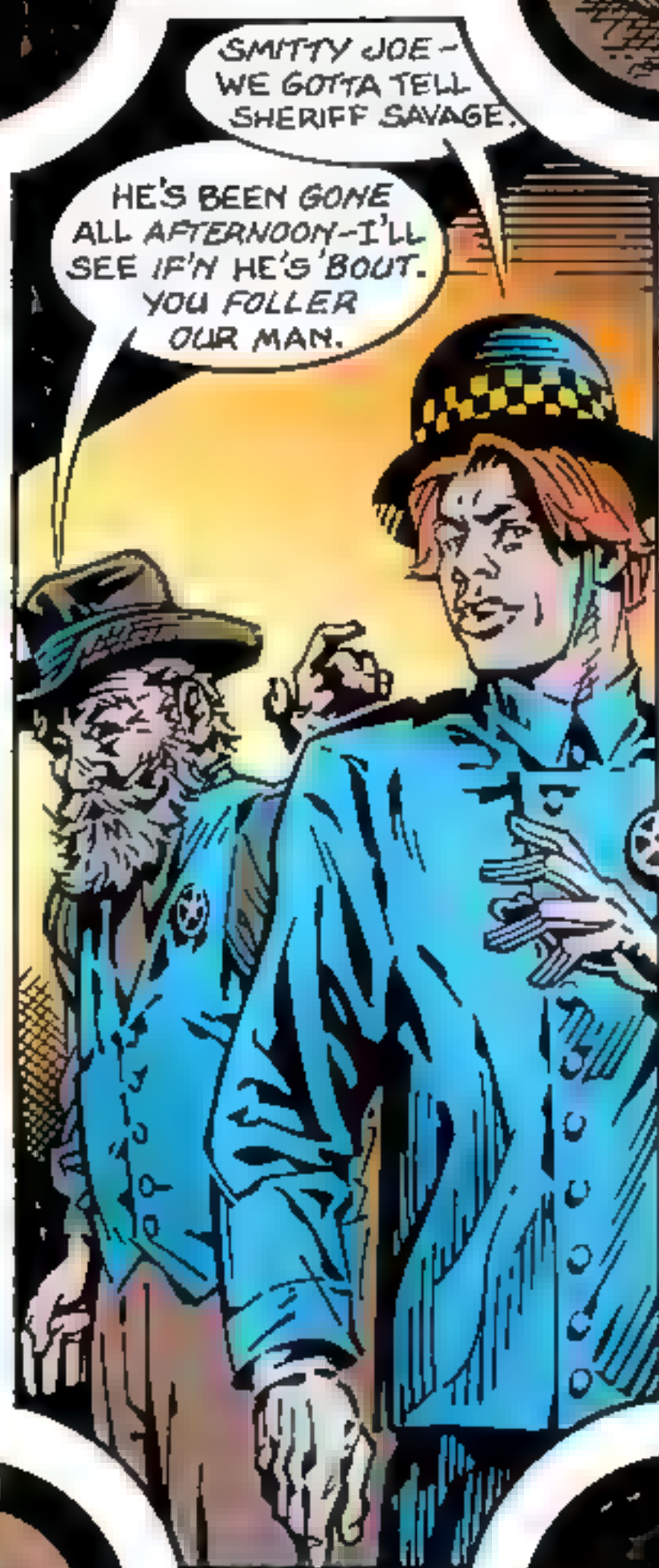
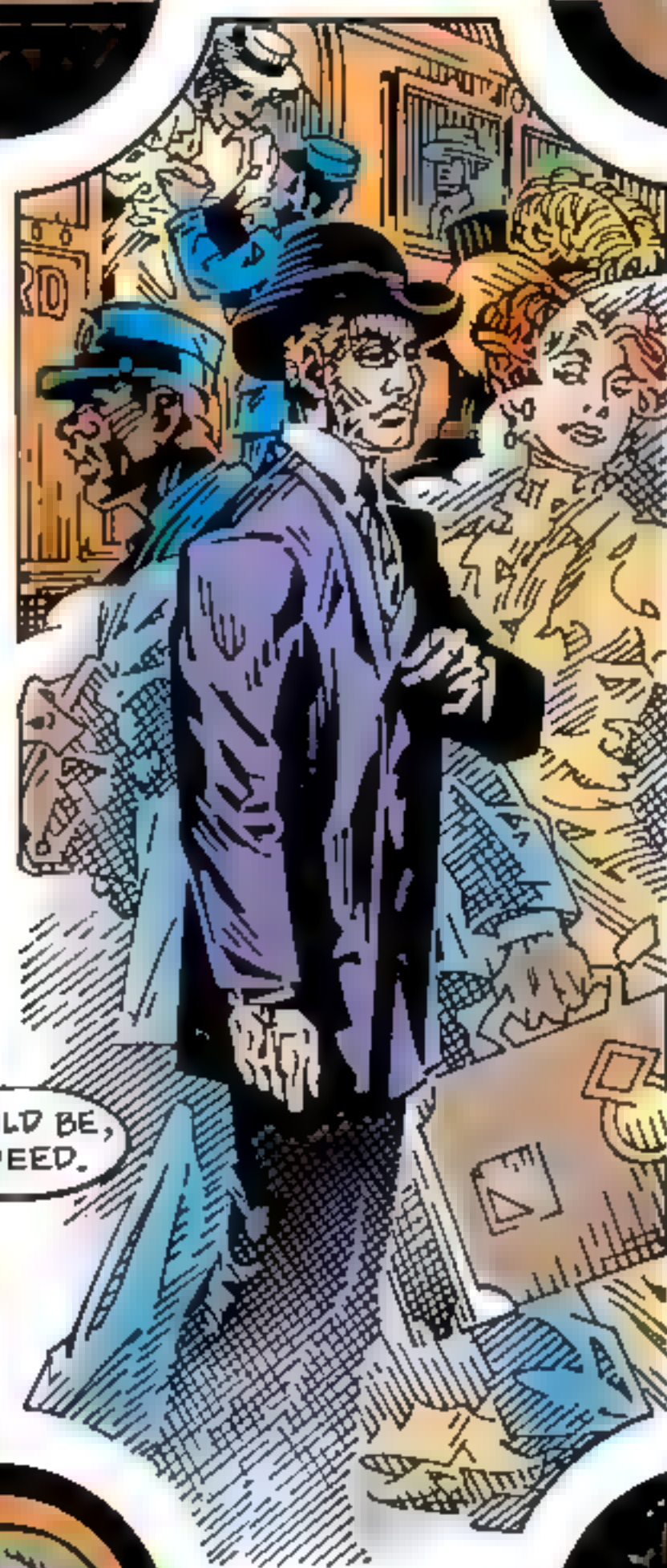
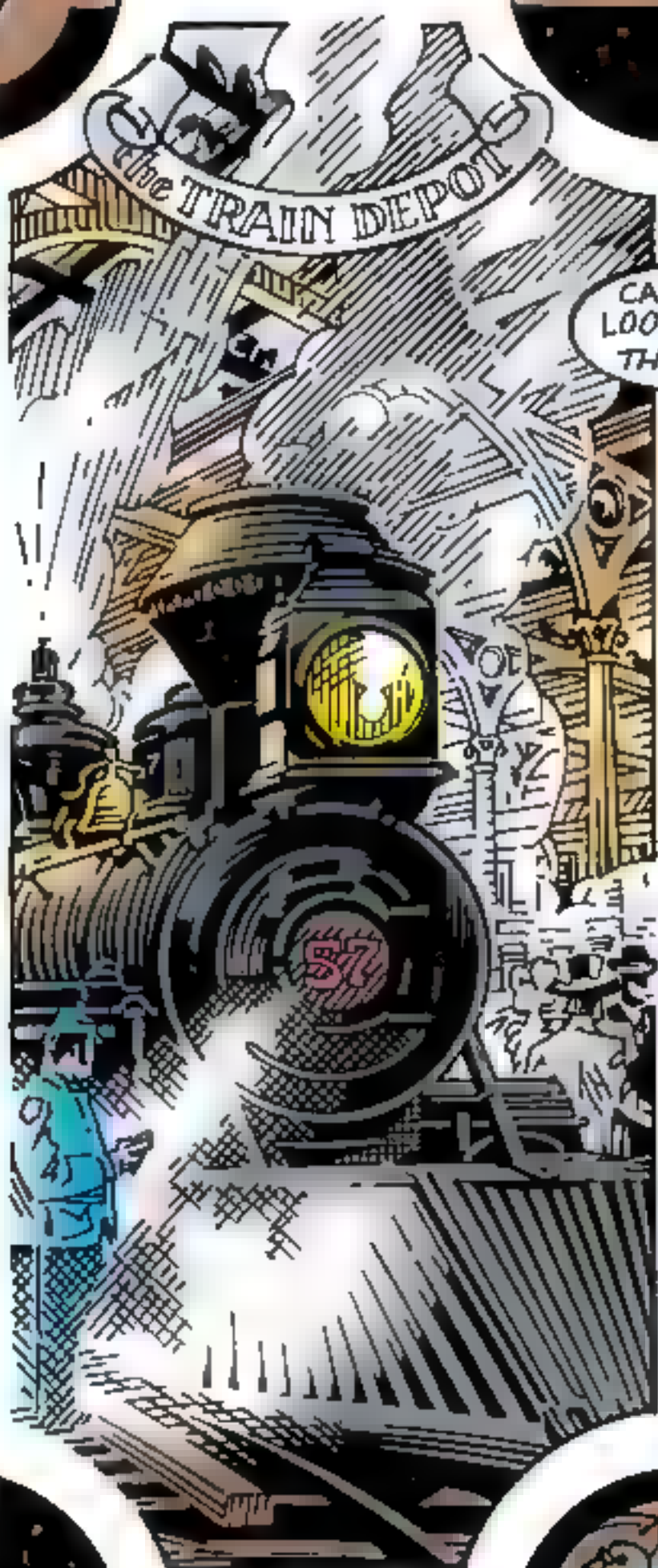
I GOT A
LIST OF FOUR—GOT
PICTURES OF TWO, AND
GENERAL DESCRIPTIONS
OF THE OTHERS.

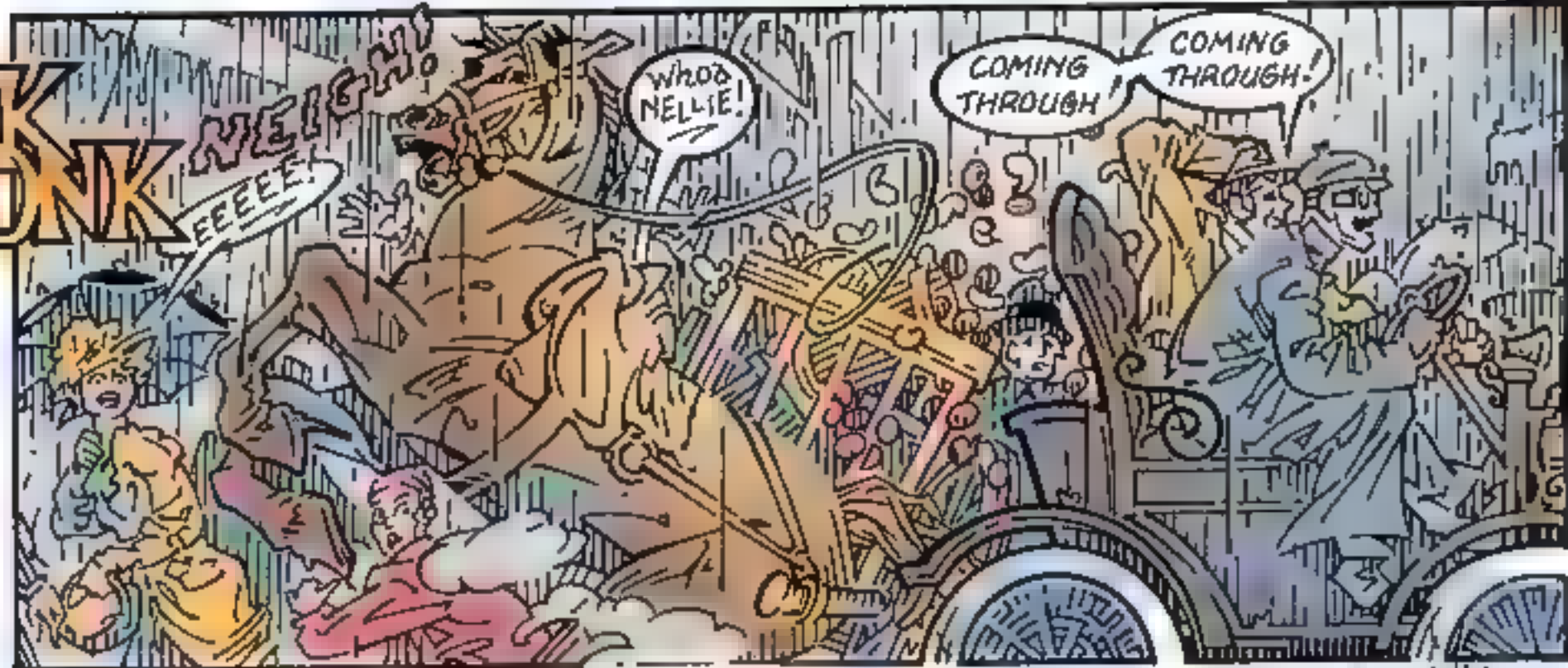
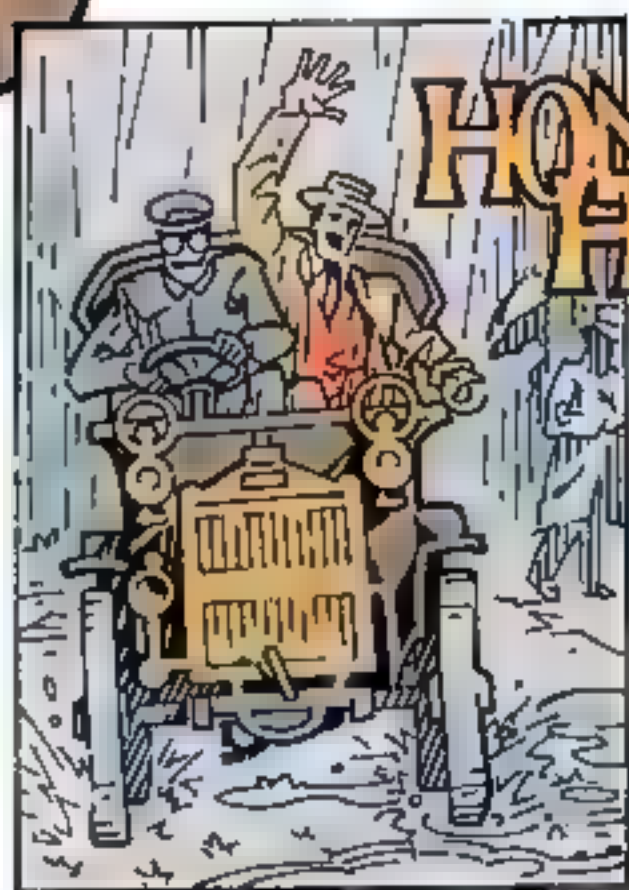
—BUT
HOW'R WE
GONNA FIND
WHICHEVER
ONE IT IS
?

HE'S
GOTTA COME
HERE BY LAND OR
BY SEA. TWO ROADS
COMING INTO TOWN.
THERE'S THE TRAIN
DEPOT. N'THE
DOCKS AT THE
RIVER.

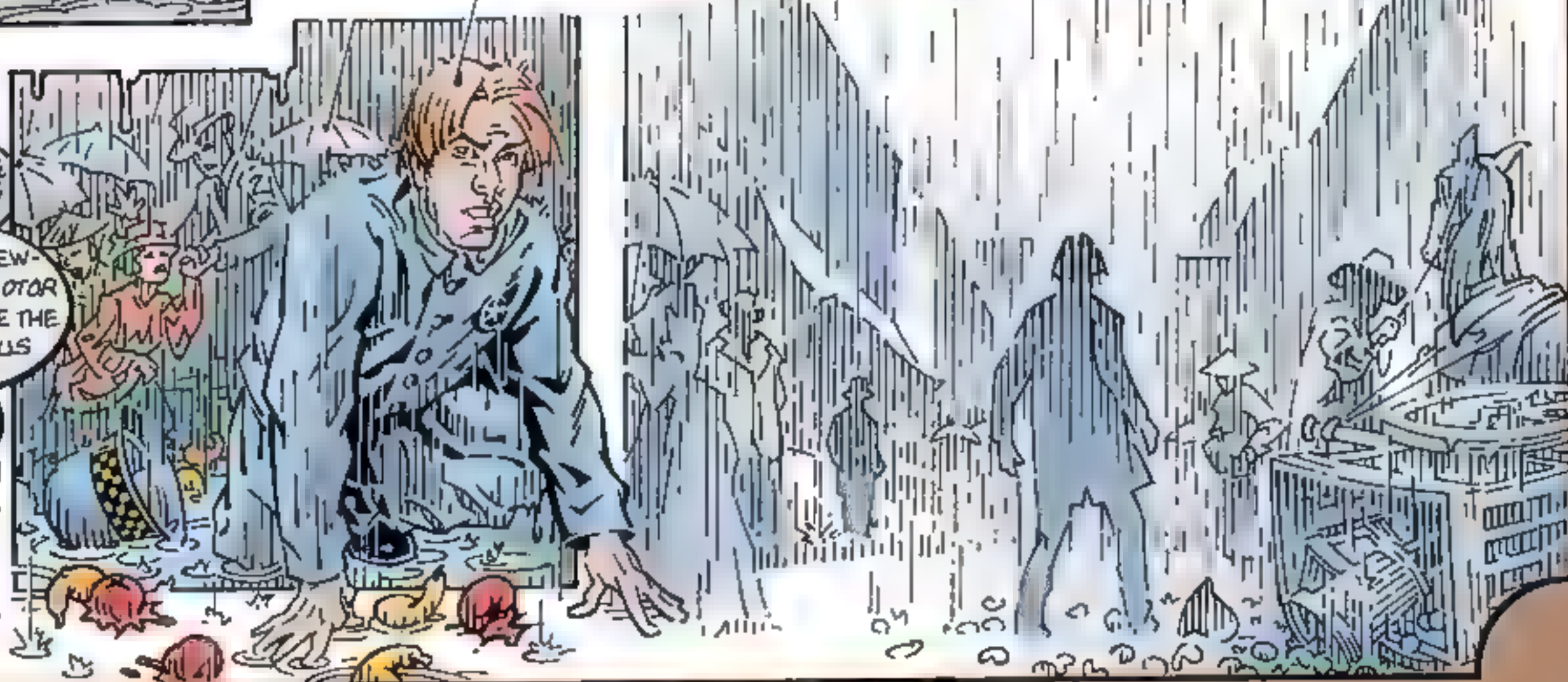
WE WAIT,
GENTLEMEN.
WE WAIT 'N'
WATCH 'N' WE
KEEP A COOL
BROW DOIN'
IT.







WHAT A MESS!
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST SOME OF THESE
THOSE NEW-FANGLED MOTOR CARS WILL BE THE DEATH OF US ALL.
YOU'RE POLICEMAN—DO SOMETHING.

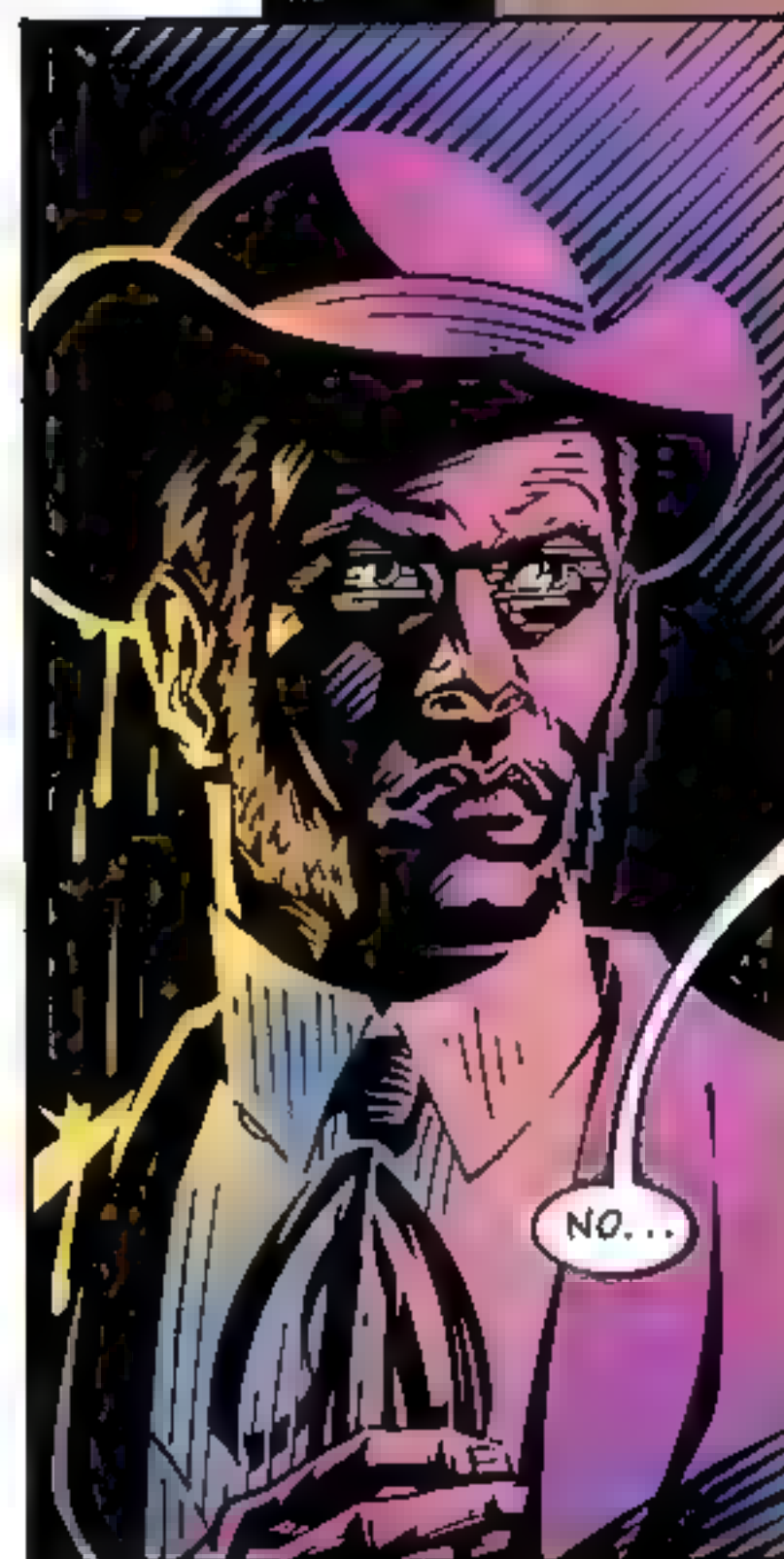


RRRMMMBLLLL



My labors have ended.
My child is born... bright and strong and ready to meet her destiny.

RRMMBLLT



I GOTTA SAY
THAT YOU LOOK LIKE
A SALESMAN 'N' ALL
TO ME.

SELLIN'!
LADIES' CORSETRY
MAYBE, OR SOME KIND O'
SWISHER'S HAIR TONIC
'AT'L DRAW FLIES 'ONA
HOT DAY.

YOU DRAW
MANY FLIES?

AND
WHO ARE
YOU?

BRIAN SAVAGE'S
THE NAME, THO' SOME HAVE
CALLED ME KE'WOH'NO-TAY
'N' OTHERS HAVE CALLED
ME SCALPHUNTER.
ONCE 'PONTIME.

NOWADAYS,
FOLKS 'ROUND THESE
PARTS CALL ME SHERIFF
... 'N' I LIKE THAT
JUST GRAND.

- BEEN WAITIN' HERE
FOR YOU SINCE I HEARD
WORD O' YOU COMING. HAD
MY DEPUTIES LOOKIN' F'R YA,
BUT I KNEW YOU'D BE SMART
ENOUGH TO GET THIS FAR.
EVEN WITH THAT.

ME 'N' HERMAN
HERE BEEN JAWING SOME
WHILE WE WAITED FOR YOU.
HE'S A NICE FELLA - GOT IDEAS
- BIG IDEAS. THAT'S WHAT THIS NEW
CENTURY OF OURS NEEDS - IDEAS
SO WHY YOU WANNA GO
TRYIN' T' KILL HIM?

HUH?

NOW, UNHOOK
THAT GUN-BELT O' YOURN
AND THINGS'LL BEGIN
LOOKIN' A MITE LESS
... FRAUGHT.

WHAT...
SAY...
YOU?

RRRMMBLL

RMMBLL

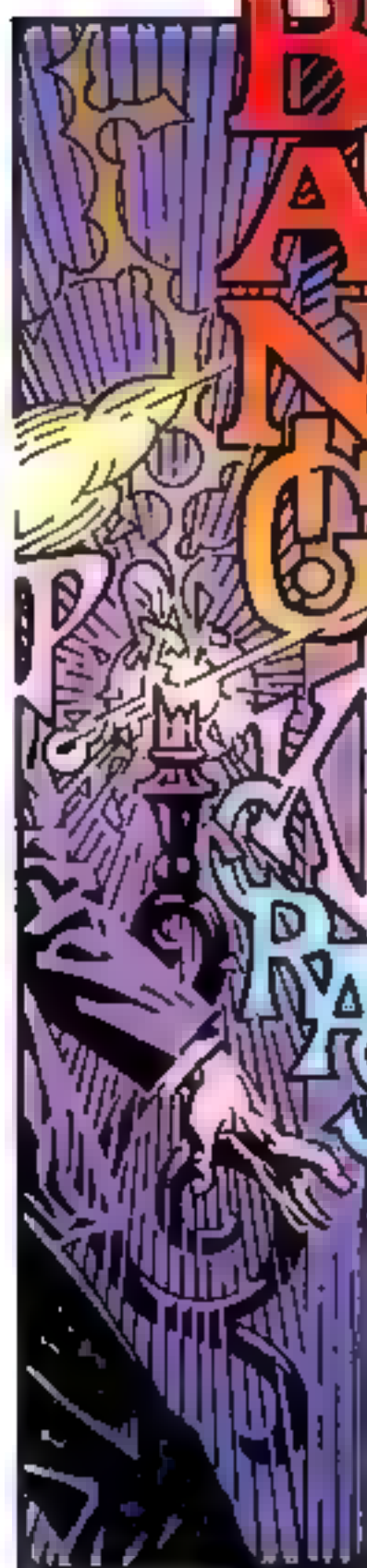
BOOM
AKK

RRRMMBBL

BOOM

RRRMMBBL

B



NO!
BE CAREFUL!

DON'T
SHOOT AT MY
SCIENCE!

W' THAT'S.

RRRMMBBL

BOOM

RRRMMBBL

B

RRMBL

RRMBL

RRMBL

...SIX
BULLETS

ON
GOD

YOU TALK
TOO MUCH
AND WASTE
TOO MANY.

THAT'S
WHAT IT LOOKS
LIKE, DON'T IT?
ME WITHOUT
M' GUN; YOU
WITH BULLETS
IN YOURN?

BUT MAYBE
THAT'S WHAT I
WANTED YOU
TO THINK.

-W' MAYBE I
DON'T NEED A GUN
FOR YOU AT ALL.

B
A
N
G

RRMBL

RRMBL

RRRRMBBBLT

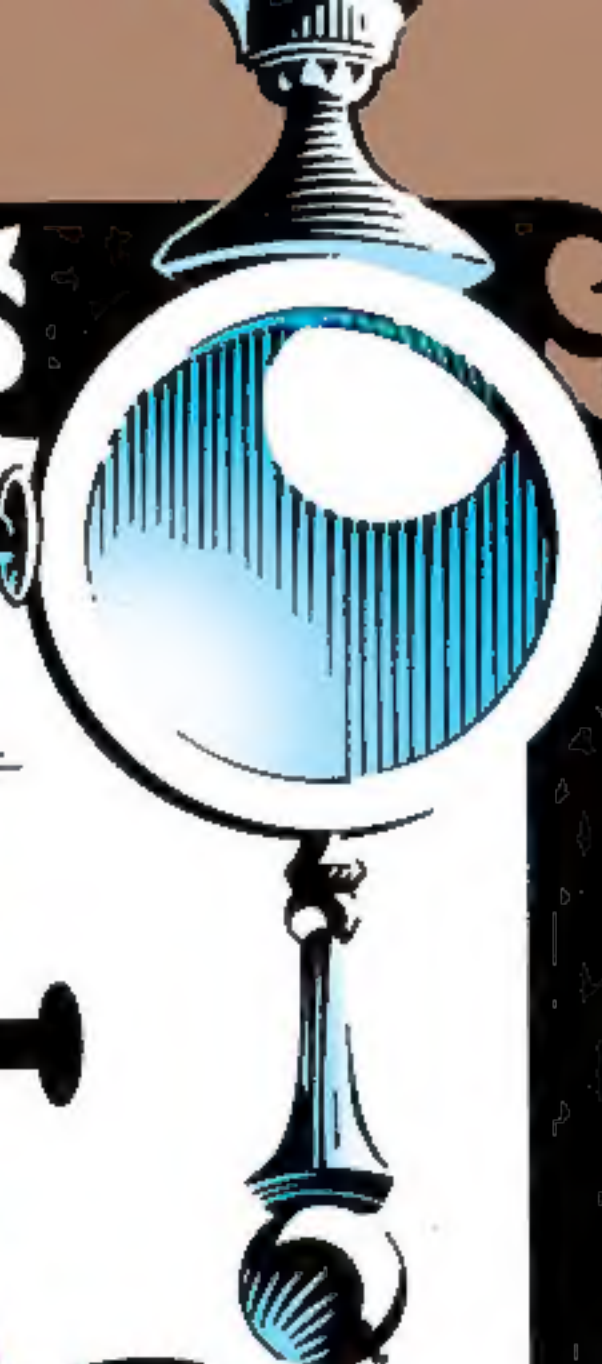
RRMMBLL

RRMBL

KK
KA
KA



NOT
A
BIT!



RRMBL
BU

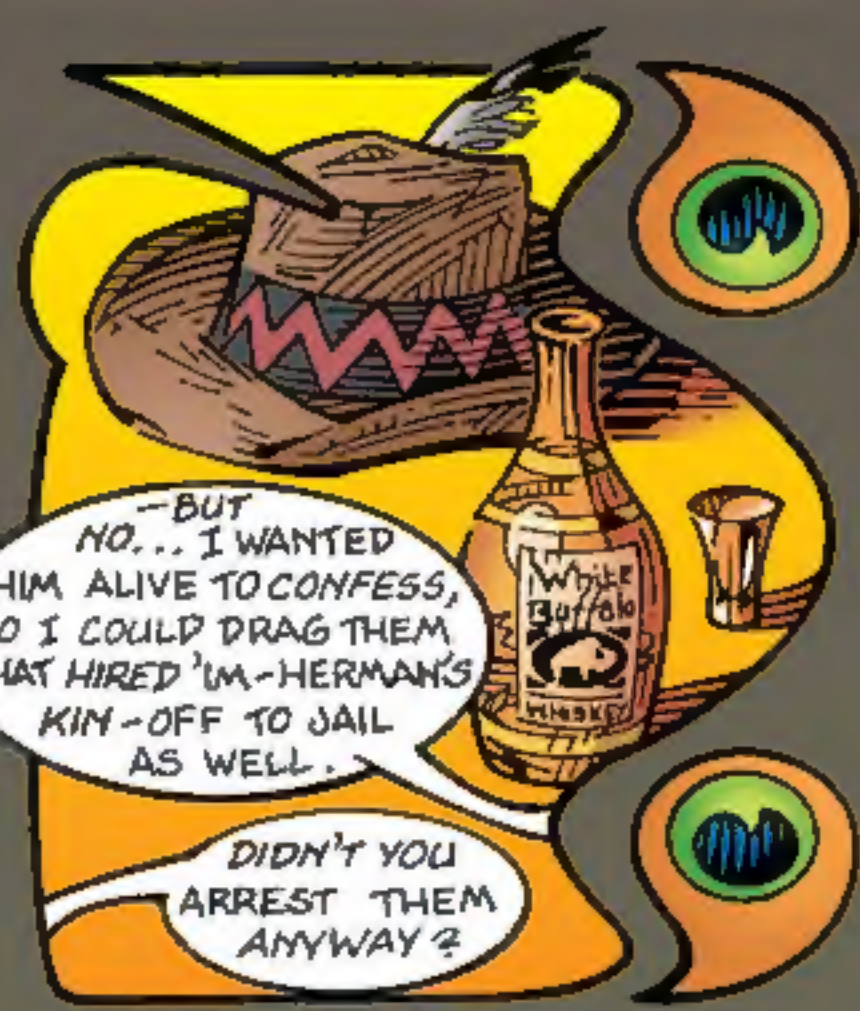
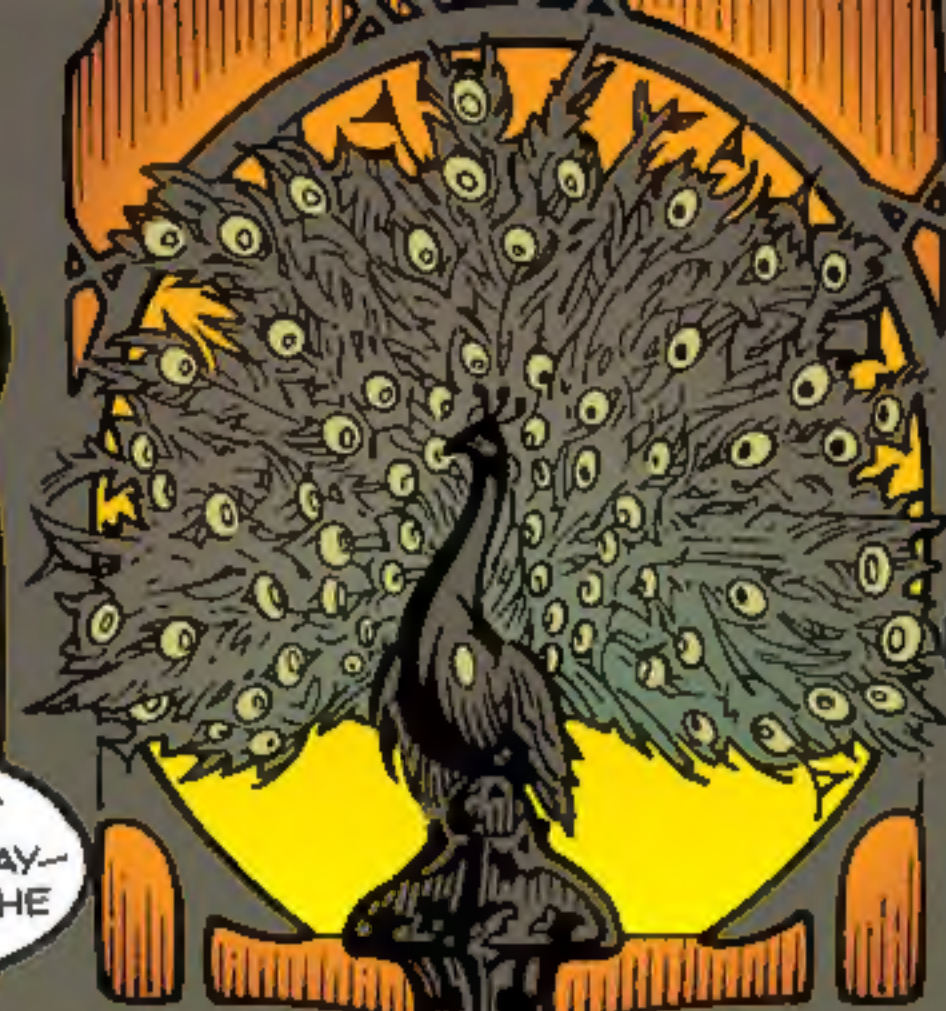


RRMMBLL
RRMBL



...SO...
YOU HADN'T
INTENDED TO
KILL HIM
?

NO.
-JUST WENT
DOWN THAT WAY-
THE WAY O'THE
OLD LAW.



-BUT
NO... I WANTED
HIM ALIVE TO CONFESS,
SO I COULD DRAG THEM
THAT HIRED 'IM-HERMAN'S
KIM-OFF TO JAIL
AS WELL.

DIDN'T YOU
ARREST THEM
ANYWAY?

"I TRIED.
PROGRESS REQUIRES
A NEW ELEMENT TO
LAW ENFORCEMENT --
PROOF O' GUILT. OL'ROY
BEAN WOULD'VE JUST
GUNNED THE PAIR DOWN.
ME - I HAD T'WATCH
'EM WALK AWAY."

"WORSE, THEY'D DONE SOME
THINKIN' IN THE MEANTIME.
'STEAD OF HIRING 'EMSELVES
ANOTHER KILLER TO GET
HERMAN, THEY HIRED 'EM-
SELVES A DOCTOR. A
DOCTOR FOR THE MAD."



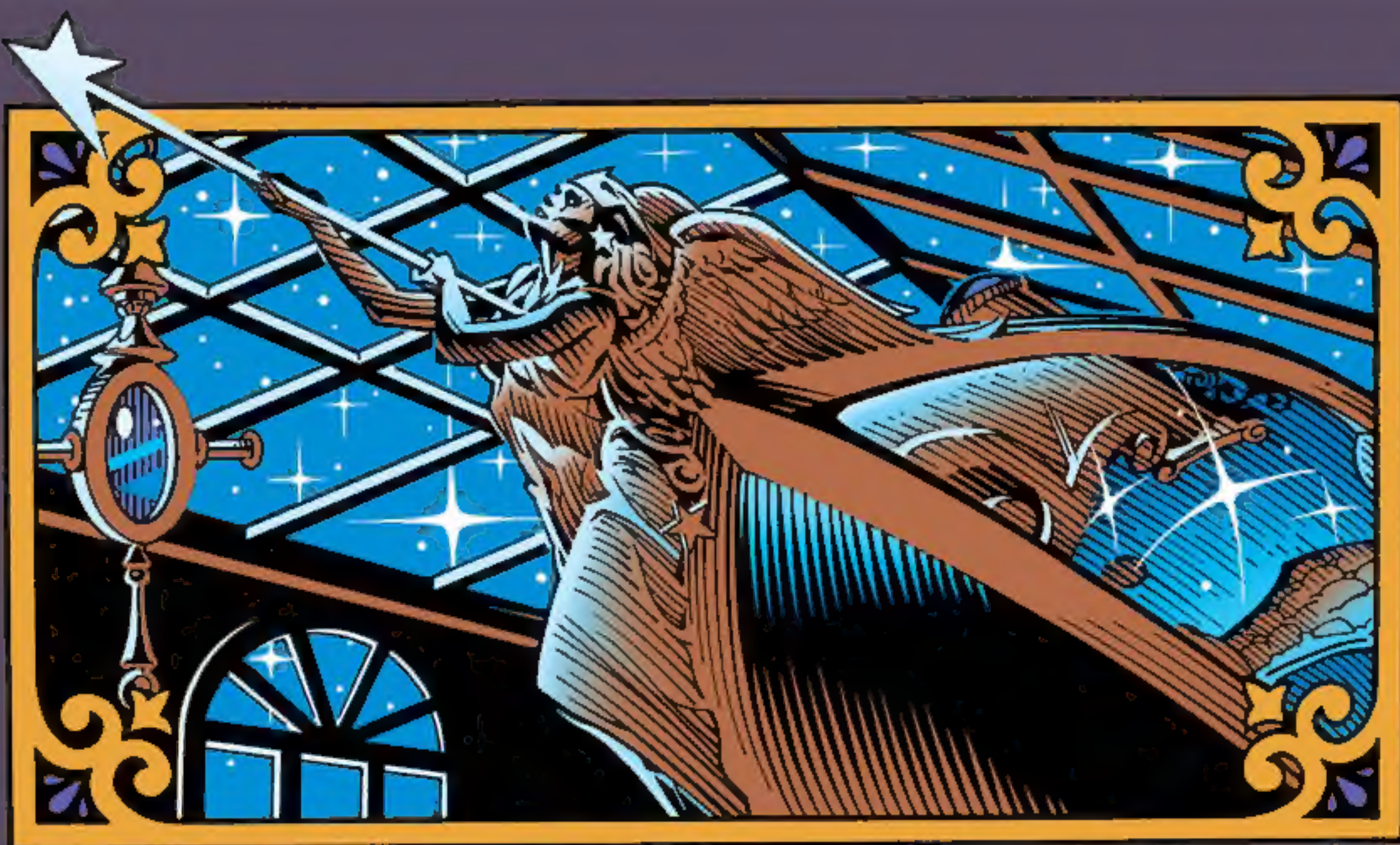
"HAD MOLL CARTED AWAY -
-STRAIGHTJACKETY'N' ALL.
SAW HIM BEING TAKEN. SHOCK OF
WHAT WAS HAPPENING HAD TOUCHED
HIM. COULD SEE THAT EVEN IF HE
WEREN'T LOCO THAT MORNING,
HE'D SURE AS HELL BE
RAVING BY MIDNIGHT."



TRAGIC.

SURE .YEAH -
SOMETIMES THE
BAD GUYS WIN A HAND.
-IT HAPPENS.

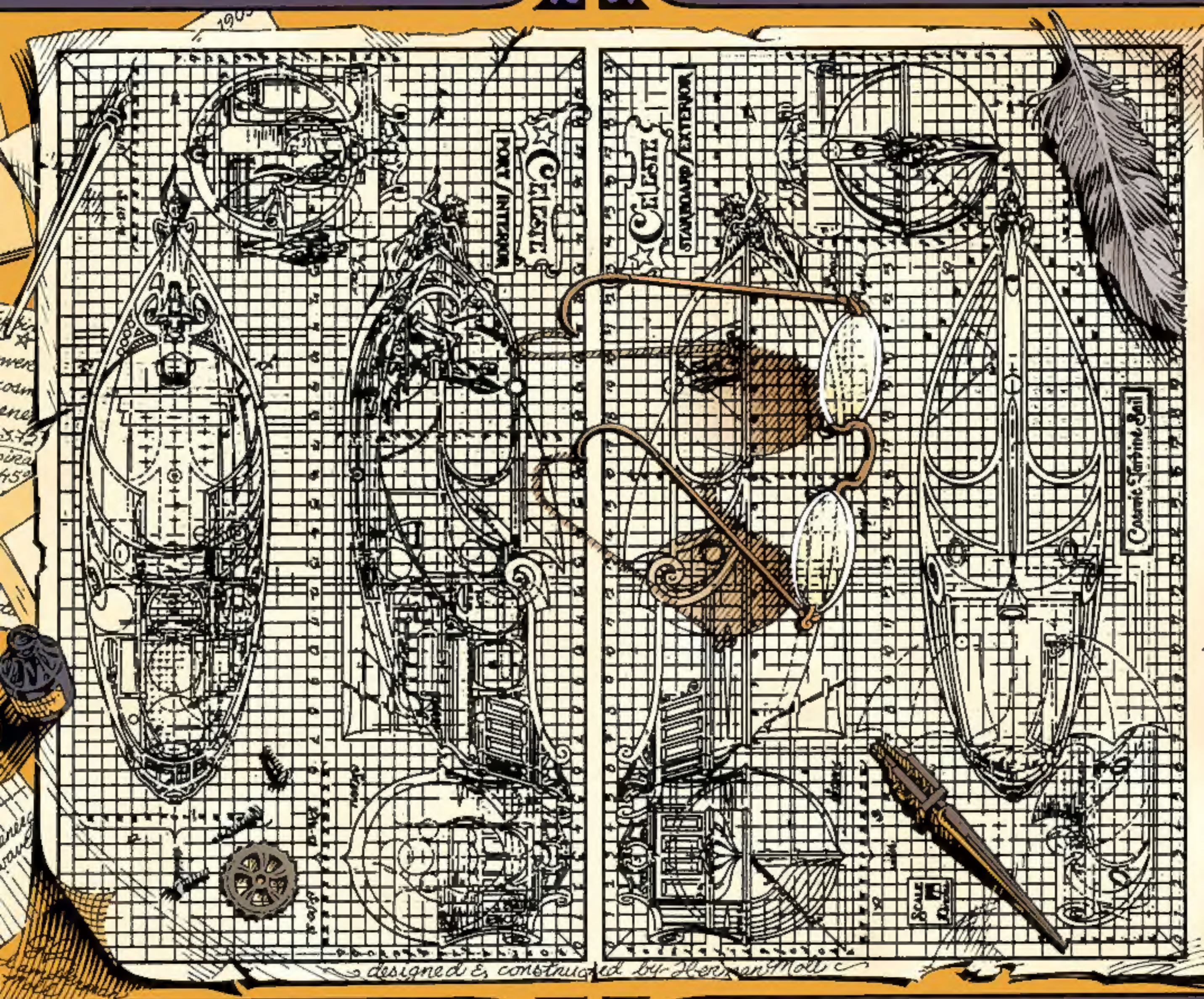
-GOTTA
SAY, THOUGH -
MOLL 'N' HIS INVENTION
SURE DON'T SOUND LIKE
THE WORK OF SOMEONE
RIGHT IN THE HEAD.
NO...



"AFTER ALL, A SHIP
TO THE STARS..."



"...WHOEVER HEARD OF
ANYTHIN' SO CRAZY?"



THE END

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP